THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

DEACON & PETERSON, PUBLISHERS,
NO. 319 WALNUT STREET, PHILADELPHIA.

TWO DOLLARS A YEAR, IN ADVANCE.
THREE DOLLARS IF NOT PAID IN ADVANCE.

DEVOTED TO PURE LITERATURE, NEWS, AGRICULTURE, HUMOR, &c.

EDMUND DEACON, HENRY PETERSON, } Editors and Proprietors.

PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, AUGUST 9, 1862.

{ ESTABLISHED AUGUST 4, 1821. WHOLE NUMBER ISSUED, 2141. }

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

USEFUL AND HANDSOME PREMIUM!

To every Two Dollar Subscriber, who pays in Advance for 1863, and to every Person who gets up a Club for 1863, will be given, or sent by mail (postage prepaid by us) A Handsome Colored Map of the Slave-Holding States—four feet long by three feet broad!

☞ *Every club subscriber who wishes a copy of this Map, can have it sent to him (postage prepaid) by forwarding Fifty Cents in addition to the club rate.*

TERMS:—CASH IN ADVANCE.

One copy, one year,	$2,00
" " two years,	3,00
" " four "	6,00
Two copies, one year,	3,00
Four " "	6,00
Eight " "	12,00
Ten " "	15,00
Twenty " "	20,00

We send a copy Gratis to every person who sends a club of Eight; Ten or Twenty subscribers. This is in addition to the Map Premium, which we send to the getter-up of *every* Club.

For $3 we send Arthur's Home Magazine and The Post, one year each.

Additions to Clubs.—Any person having sent a Club, may add other names at any time during the year.

The papers for a Club may be sent to different Post-offices.

Subscribers in British North America must remit *twenty-six cents* in addition to the annual subscription, as we have to prepay the United States postage on their papers.

Remittances may be made in notes of any solvent Bank, but we *prefer* U. S. Treasury Notes or Pennsylvania or other Eastern money. Gold (well secured in the letter) and *one* or *three* cent postage stamps, are always acceptable. For all amounts over $5 we prefer drafts on any of the Eastern cities (less exchange) payable to our order.

DEACON & PETERSON, Publishers,
No. 319 Walnut St., Philadelphia.

THE SORROWFUL TREE.*

FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

'Tis said that in an island, when the dew hath kissed each flower,
And leaves all trembling at the touch have owned its magic power,
And while the snowy petals have closed up with the light,
There grows among them one strange plant—a messenger of night.

Deep in the lone, still watches, when stars their vigils keep,
As though with eyes of love to guard the flow'rets while they sleep,
When the deep'ning shades of twilight are lost amid the gloom,
Then bud and blossom ope to life and yield a sweet perfume.

From out their golden chalices an incense seems to rise,
And noiselessly upon the air it reaches Paradise.
Oh! lone and silent watcher, thou dost a message bring
To human hearts that like to thee are called the sorrowing—

That not alone in sunshine should our light be shining bright,
But kept all burning through the gloom and deep'ning shades of night;
And though the star of hope be o'ershadowed by a cloud,
God shall in His own time lift up the head that long hath bowed.

CAROLINE A. BELL.

*In the Island of Goa, near Bombay, there is a singular vegetable, called "the sorrowful tree," because it only flourishes in the night. At sunset no flowers are to be seen, and yet half an hour after it is quite full of them. They yield a sweet smell, but the sun no sooner begins to shine upon them, than some of them fall off and others close up; and thus the plant continues, flowering in the night during the whole year.

VERNER'S PRIDE.

BY MRS. HENRY WOOD,

Author of "The Channings," "East Lynne," "The Earl's Heirs," "A Life's Secret," Etc.

[Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1862, by Deacon & Peterson, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Eastern District of Pennsylvania.]

CHAPTER XI.

AN ALTERED WILL.

Just one fortnight from the very day that witnessed the sailing of Frederick Massingbird and his wife, Mr. Verner was taken alarmingly ill. Fred, in his soliloquy that afternoon, when you saw him upon the gate of the ploughed field—"Old step-father's wiry yet, and may last an age,"—had certainly not been assisted with the gift of prevision, for there was no doubt that Mr. Verner's time to die had now come.

Lionel had thrown his sorrow bravely from him, in outward appearance at any rate; what it might be doing for him inwardly, he alone could tell. These apparently calm, undemonstrative natures, that show a quiet exterior to the world, may have a fire consuming their heartstrings. He did not go near the wedding; but neither did he shut himself up indoors, as one indulging lamentation and grief. He pursued his occupations just as usual. He read to Mr. Verner, who allowed him to do so that day; he rode out; he saw people, friends, and others, whom it was necessary to see. He had the magnanimity to shake hands with the bride, and wish her joy.

It occurred in this way. Mrs. Verner declined to attend the ceremony. Since the news of John's death she had been ailing both in body and mind. But she desired Frederick to take Verner's Pride in his road, when driving away with his bride, that she might say her last farewell to him and Sibylla, neither of whom she felt sure she should ever see again. Oh, she'd see them again fast enough, was Fred's response; they might not be away more than a year. But he complied with her request, and brought Sibylla. About three o'clock in the afternoon, the ceremony and the breakfast over, the carriage, with its four horses, clattered on to the terrace, and Fred handed Sibylla out of it. Lionel was crossing the hall at the moment of their entrance; his horse had just been brought round for him. To say he was surprised at seeing them there, would not be saying enough; he had known nothing of the intended call. They met face to face. Sibylla wore a sweeping dress of silk; a fine Indian shawl, the gift of Mrs. Verner, was folded round her, and her golden hair fell beneath her bonnet. Her eyes fell, also, before the gaze of Lionel.

Never had she looked more beautiful, more attractive; and Lionel felt it. But, had she been one for whom he had never cared, he could not have shown more courtly indifference. A moment given to the choking down his throat's emotion, to the stilling of his beating pulses, and he stood before her calmly self-possessed; holding out his hand; speaking in a low, clear tone.

"Allow me to offer you my good wishes for your welfare, Mrs. Massingbird."

"Thank you; thank you very much," replied Sibylla, dropping his hand, avoiding his eye, and going on to find Mrs. Verner.

"Good-bye, Lionel," said Frederick Massingbird. "You are going out, I see."

Lionel shook his hand cordially. Rival though he had proved to him, he did not blame Frederick Massingbird; he was too just to cast blame where it was not due.

"Fare you well, Frederick; I sincerely hope you will have a prosperous voyage, that you will come safely home again."

All this was over, and they had sailed. Dr. West having exacted a solemn promise from his son-in-law that they should leave for home again the very instant that John's property had been realized; and now, a fortnight after it, Mr. Verner was taken—as was believed—for death. He himself believed so. He knew what his own disorder was; he knew that the moment the water began to mount, and attained a certain height, his life would be gone.

"How many hours have I to live?" he inquired of Dr. West.

"Probably for some days," was the answer.

What could it have been that was troubling the mind of Mr. Verner? That it was worldly trouble was certain. That other trouble which has been known to distract the minds of the dying, to fill them with agony, was absent from his. On that score he was in perfect peace. But that some very great anxiety was racking him might be seen by the most casual observer. It had been racking him for a long time past, but it was growing worse now. And it appeared to be what he could not, or would not, speak of.

The news of the dangerous change in the master of Verner's Pride circulated through the vicinity, and it brought forth, amidst other of his friends, Mr. Bitterworth. This was on the second day of the change. Tynn received Mr. Bitterworth in the hall.

"There's no hope, sir, I'm afraid," was Tynn's answer to his inquiries. "He's not in much pain of body, but he's dreadfully anxious and uneasy."

"What about?" asked Mr. Bitterworth: who was a little man, with a pimpled face.

"Nobody knows, sir: he doesn't say. For myself, I can only think it must be about something connected with the estate. What else can it be?"

"I suppose I can see him, Tynn?"

"I'll ask, sir. He refuses visitors in his room, but I dare say he'll admit you."

Lionel came to Mr. Bitterworth in the drawing-room.

"My uncle will see you," he said, after greetings had passed.

"Tynn informs me that he appears to be uneasy in his mind," observed Mr. Bitterworth.

"A man so changed, as he has been in the last two years, I have never seen," replied Lionel. "None can have failed to remark it. From entire calmness of mind, he has exhibited anxious restlessness: I may say irritability. Mrs. Verner is ill," Lionel added, as they were ascending the stairs. "She has not been out of bed for two days."

FORT POINT—ONE OF THE FORTIFICATIONS OF THE HARBOR OF SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.

The above, engraved expressly for The Post from a sketch in the Illustrated News, represents Fort Point, California. Four miles from San Francisco, on the northwest, on a bold, jutting rock, once stood "Fort Blanco," but it has been cut away to make room for the present noble structure. It was commenced in 1854, is four tiers in height, and, including a battery in the rear, mounts in all one hundred and sixty-four guns, and has ample accommodation for two thousand four hundred men. The ordnance combines all the modern improvements—a light-house and fog-bell adjoin the fort.

Not in his study now; he had done with the lower part of the house for ever; but in his bedchamber, never to come out of it alive, was Mr. Verner. They had got him up, and he sat in an easy-chair by the bed side, partially dressed, and wrapped in his dressing-gown. On his pale, worn face, there were the unmistakeable signs of death. He and Mr. Bitterworth were left alone.

"So you have come to see the last of me, Bitterworth!" was the remark of Mr. Verner.

"Not the last yet, I hope," heartily responded Mr. Bitterworth, who was an older man than Mr. Verner, but hale and active. "You may rally from this attack and get about again. Remember how many serious attacks you have had."

"None like this. The end must come; and it has come now. Hush, Bitterworth! To speak of recovery to me, is worse than child's play. I *know* my time has come. And I am glad to meet it, for it releases me from a world of care."

"Were there any in this world, who might be supposed to be exempt from care, it is you," said Mr. Bitterworth, leaning towards the invalid, his hale old face expressing the concern he felt. "I should have judged you to be perfectly free from earthly care. You have no children: what can be troubling you?"

"Would to heaven I had children!" exclaimed Mr. Verner; and the remark appeared to break from him involuntarily, in the bitterness of his heart.

"You have your brother's son; your heir, Lionel."

"He is no heir of mine," returned Mr. Verner, with, if possible, double bitterness.

"No heir of yours!" repeated Mr. Bitterworth, gazing at his friend, and wondering whether he had lost his senses.

Mr. Verner, on his part, gazed on vacancy; his thoughts evidently cast inwards. He sat in his old favorite attitude; his hands clasped on the head of his stick, and his face bent down upon it.

"Bitterworth," said he, presently, "when I made my will years ago, after my father's death, I appointed you one of the executors."

"I know it," replied Mr. Bitterworth. "I was associated—as you gave me to understand—with Sir Rufus Hautley."

"Ay. After the boy came of age"—and Mr. Bitterworth knew that he alluded to Lionel—"I added his name to that of yours and Sir Rufus. Legacies apart, the estate was all left to him."

"Of course it was," assented Mr. Bitterworth.

"Since then, I have seen fit to make an alteration," continued Mr. Verner. "I mention it to you, Bitterworth, that you may not be surprised when you hear the will read. Also I would tell you that I made the change of my own free act and judgment, unbiassed by any one, and that I did not make it without ample cause. The estate is not left to Lionel Verner, but to Frederick Massingbird."

Mr. Bitterworth had small, round eyes, but they opened now to their utmost width.

"What did you say?" he repeated, after a pause; like a man out of breath.

"Strictly speaking, the estate is not bequeathed to Frederick Massingbird; he will inherit it in consequence of John's death," quietly went on Mr. Verner. "It is left to John Massingbird, and to Frederick after him. Failing them both—"

"And I am still executor?" interrupted Mr. Bitterworth, in a tone raised rather above the orthodox key for a sick room.

"You and Sir Rufus. That, so far, is not altered."

"Then I will not act. No, Stephen Verner, long and close as our friendship has been, I will not countenance an act of injustice. I will not be your executor; unless Verner's Pride goes, as it ought to go, to Lionel Verner."

"Lionel has forfeited it."

"Forfeited it!—how can he have forfeited it? Is this"—Mr. Bitterworth was given to speak in plain terms when excited—"is this the underhand work of Mrs. Verner?"

"Peace, Bitterworth. Mrs. Verner knows nothing of the change. Her surviving son knows nothing of it; John knew nothing of it. They have no idea but that Lionel is still heir. You should not jump to unjust conclusions; not one of them has ever asked me how my property was left; or has attempted, by the smallest word, to influence me in its disposal."

"Then, what has influenced you? Why have you done it?" demanded Mr. Bitterworth, his voice becoming more subdued.

To this question Mr. Verner did not immediately reply. He appeared not to have done with the defence of his wife and her sons.

"Mrs. Verner is not of a covetous nature; she is not unjust, and I believe that she would wish the estate willed to Lionel, rather than to her sons. She knows no good reason why it should not be willed to him. And for those sons—do you suppose either of them would have gone out to Australia, had he been cognizant that he was heir to Verner's Pride?"

"Why have you willed it away from Lionel?"

"I cannot tell you," replied Mr. Verner, in a tone of sharp pain. It betrayed to Mr. Bitterworth what sharper pain the step itself must have cost.

"Is it *this* which has been on your mind, Verner—disturbing your closing years?"

"Ay, it is that; nothing else," wailed Mr. Verner, "nothing else! nothing else! Has it not been enough to disturb me?" he added, putting the question in a loud, quick accent. "Setting aside my love for Lionel, which was great—setting aside my finding him unworthy, it has been a bitter trial to me to leave Verner's Pride to a Massingbird. I have never loved the Massingbirds," he continued, dropping his voice to a whisper.

"If Lionel *were* unworthy—" with a stress upon the "were"—"you might have left it to Jan," spoke Mr. Bitterworth.

"Lady Verner has thrown too much estrangement between Jan and me. No, I would rather even a Massingbird had it than Jan."

"If Lionel were unworthy, I said," resumed Mr. Bitterworth. "I cannot believe he is. How has he proved himself so? What has he done?"

Mr. Verner put up his hands as if to ward off some imaginary phantom, and his pale face turned of a leaden hue.

"Never ask me," he whispered. "I cannot tell you. I have had to bear it about with me," he continued, with an irrepressible burst of anguish, "to bear it here, within me, in silence; never breathing a word of my knowledge to him, or to any one."

"Some folly must have come to your cognizance," observed Mr. Bitterworth. "Though I had deemed Lionel Verner to be more free from the sins of hot-blooded youth than are most men. I have believed him to be a true gentleman in the best sense of the word—a good and honorable man."

"A silent stream runs deep," remarked Mr. Verner.

Mr. Bitterworth drew his chair nearer to his friend, bending towards him, and speaking solemnly.

"Verner's Pride of right (speaking according to our national notions,) belonged to your brother, Sir Lionel, Stephen. It would have been his, as you know, had he lived but a month or two longer; your father would not have willed it away from him. After him it would have been Lionel's. Sir Lionel died too soon, and it was left to you; but what injunction from your father was it that accompanied it? Forgive me asking you the question?"

"Do you think I have forgotten it?" wailed Mr. Verner. "It has cost me my peace—my happiness, to will it away from Lionel. To see Verner's Pride in possession of any but a Verner will trouble me so—if, indeed, we are permitted in the next world still to mark what goes on in this—that I shall scarcely rest quiet in my grave."

"You have no more—I must speak plainly Stephen—I believe that you have no more right in equity to will away the estate from Lionel, than you would have, were he the heir at-law. Many have said—I am sure you must be aware that they have—that you have kept him out of it; that you have enjoyed what ought to have been his, ever since his grandfather's death."

"Have *you* said it?" angrily asked Mr. Verner.

"I have neither said it nor thought it.—When your father informed me that he had willed the estate to you, Sir Lionel having died, I answered him that I thought he had done well and wisely; that you had far more right to it, for your life, than the boy Lionel. But, Stephen, I should never sanction your leaving it away from him after you. Had you possessed children of your own, they should never have been allowed to shut out Lionel. He is your elder brother's son, remember."

Mr. Verner sat like one in dire perplexity. It would appear that there was a struggle going on in his own mind.

"I know, I know," he presently said, in answer. "The worry, the uncertainty, as to what I ought to do, has destroyed the peace of my later days. I altered my will when smarting under the discovery of his unworthiness; but, even then, a doubt as to whether I was doing right, caused me to name him as inheritor, should the Massingbirds die."

"Why that must have been a paradox!" exclaimed Mr. Bitterworth. "Lionel Verner should inherit before all, or not inherit at all. What your ground of complaint against him is, I know not; but whatever it may be, it can be no excuse for your willing away from him Verner's Pride. Some folly of his came to your knowledge, I conclude."

"Not folly. Call it sin: call it crime," vehemently replied Mr. Verner.

"As you please; you know its proper term better than I. For one solitary instance of—what you please to name it—you should not blight his whole prospects for life. Lionel's general conduct is so irreproachable (unless he be the craftiest hypocrite under the sun), that you may well pardon one defalcation. Are you sure you were not mistaken?"

"I am sure. I hold proof positive."

"Well, I leave that. I say that you might forgive him, whatever it may be, remembering how few his offences are. He would make a faithful master of Verner's Pride.—Compare him to Fred Massingbird!—Pshaw!"

Mr. Verner did not answer. His face had an aching look upon it, as it leaned out from the top of his stick. Mr. Bitterworth laid his hand upon his knee persuasively.

"Do not go out of the world committing an act of injustice; an act, too, that is irreparable, and of which the injustice must last forever. Stephen, I will not leave you, until you consent to repair what you have done."

"It has been upon my mind to do it since I was taken worse yesterday," murmured Stephen Verner. "Our Saviour taught us to forgive. Had it been against me only that he sinned, I would have forgiven him long ago."

"You will forgive him now."

"Forgiveness does not lie with me. It was not against me, I say, that he sinned.—Let him ask forgiveness of God and of his own conscience. But he shall have Verner's Pride."

"Better that you should see it in its proper light at the eleventh hour, than not at all, Stephen," said Mr. Bitterworth. "By every law of right and justice, Verner's Pride, after you, belongs to Lionel."

"You speak well, Bitterworth, when you call it the eleventh hour," observed Mr. Verner. "If I am to make this change, you must get Matiss here without an instant's delay.—See him yourself, and bring him back. Tell him what the necessity is. He will make more haste for you than he might for one of my servants."

"Does he know of the bequest to the Massingbirds?"

"Of course he knows. He made the will. I have never employed anybody but Matiss, since I came into the estate."

Mr. Bitterworth, feeling there was little time to be lost, quitted the room without more delay. He was anxious that Lionel should have his own. Not so much because he liked and esteemed Lionel, as that he possessed a strong sense of justice within himself. Lionel heard him leaving the sick-room, and came to him, but Mr. Bitterworth would not stop.

"I can't wait," he said. "I am bound on an errand for your uncle."

He was bound to the house of the lawyer, Mr. Matiss, who lived and had his office in the new part of Deerham, down by Dr. West's. People wondered in so small a place that he managed to make a living: but he evidently did make one. Most of the gentry in the vicinity employed him for trifling things, and he held one or two good agencies. He kept no clerk. He was at home when Mr. Bitterworth entered, writing at a desk in his small office, which had maps hung round it. A quick-speaking man with dark hair and a good-natured face.

"Are you busy, Matiss?" began Mr. Bitterworth, when he entered, and the lawyer looked at him through the railings of his desk.

"Not particularly, Mr. Bitterworth. Do you want me?"

"Mr. Verner wants you. He has sent me to bring you to him without delay. You have heard that there's a change in him?"

"Oh, yes, I have heard it," replied the lawyer. "I am at his service, Mr. Bitterworth."

"He wants his last will altered. Remedied, I should say," continued Mr. Bitterworth, looking the lawyer full in the face, and nodding confidentially.

"Altered to what it was before?" eagerly cried the lawyer.

Mr. Bitterworth nodded again.

"I called in upon him this morning, and in the course of conversation it came out what he had done about Verner's Pride.—And now he wants it undone."

"I am glad of it; I am glad of it, Mr. Bitterworth. Between ourselves—though I mean no disrespect to them—the young Massingbirds were not fit heirs for Verner's Pride. Mr. Lionel Verner is."

"He is the rightful heir as well as the fit one. Matiss," added Mr. Bitterworth, leaning over the desk's railings, while the lawyer was hastily putting his papers in order, preparatory to leaving them, placing some aside on the desk, locking up others, "what was the cause of his willing it away from Lionel Verner?"

"It is more than I can tell. He gave no clue whatever to his motive. Many and many a time have I thought it over since, but I never came near fathoming it. I told Mr. Verner that it was not a just thing, when I took his instructions for the fresh will. That is, I intimated as much; it was not my place, of course, to speak out my mind offensively to Mr. Verner. Dr. West said a great deal more to him than I did; but he could make no impression."

"Was Dr. West consulted, then, by Mr. Verner?"

"Not at all. When I called at Verner's Pride with the fresh will, for Mr. Verner to execute it, it happened that Tynn was out. He and one of the other servants were to have witnessed the signature. Dr. West came in at the time, and Mr. Verner said he would do for a witness in Tynn's place. Dr. West remonstrated most strongly when he found what it was, for Mr. Verner told him in confidence what had been done. He, the doctor, at first refused to put his hand to anything so unjust. He protested that the public would cry shame, would say John

Massingbird had no human right to Verner's Pride, would suspect he had obtained it by fraud or by some sort of underhand work Mr. Verner replied that I—Matiss—could contradict that. At last the doctor signed."

"When was this?"

"It was the very week after John started for Australia. I wondered why Mr Verner should have allowed him to go if he meant to make him his heir. Dr. West wondered also, and said so to Mr. Verner, but Mr. Verner made no reply."

"Mr. Verner had just told me that neither the Massingbirds nor Mrs. Verner knew anything of the fresh will. I understood him to imply that no person whatever was cognizant of it but himself and you."

"And Dr. West. Nobody else."

"And he gave *no* reason for the alteration—either to you or to Dr. West?"

"None at all. Beyond the assertion that Lionel had displeased him. Dr. West would have pressed him upon the point, but Mr. Verner repulsed him with coldness. He insisted upon our secresy as to the new will; which we promised, and I daresay have never violated. I know I can answer for myself."

They hastened back to Verner's Pride, and the lawyer, in the presence of Mr. Bitterworth, received instructions for a codicil, revoking the bequest of the estate to the Massingbirds, and bestowing it absolutely upon Lionel Verner. The bequests to others, legacies, instructions in the former will, were all to stand. It was a somewhat elaborate will; hence Mr. Verner suggested that that will, so far, could still stand, and the necessary alteration be made by a codicil.

"You can have it ready by this evening?" Mr. Verner remarked to the lawyer.

"Before then, if you like, sir, it won't take me long to draw that up. One's pen goes glibly when one's heart's in the work. I am glad you are willing it back to Mr. Lionel."

"Draw it up then, and bring it here as soon as it's ready. You won't find me gone out," he added, with a faint attempt at jocularity.

The lawyer did as he was bid, and returned to Verner's Pride about five o'clock in the afternoon. He found Dr. West there. It was somewhat singular that the doctor should again be present, like he had been at the previous signing—and yet not singular for he was now in frequent attendance on the patient.

"How do you feel yourself this afternoon, sir?" asked Mr. Matiss when he entered, his great-coat buttoned up, his hat in his hand, his gloves on; showing no signs that he had any professional document about him, or that he had called in for any earthly reason, save to inquire out of politeness after the state of the chief of Verner's Pride.

"Pretty well, Matiss. Are you ready?"

"Yes, sir."

"Well, do it at once, then. Dr. West," Mr. Verner added, turning to the doctor, "I have been making an alteration in my will. You were one of the former witnesses; will you be so again?"

"With pleasure. An alteration consequent upon the death of John Massingbird, I presume?"

"No. I should have made it, I believe, had he been still alive. Verner's Pride must go to Lionel. I cannot die easy unless it does."

"But—I thought you said Lionel had done—had done something to forfeit it?" interrupted Dr. West, whom the words appeared to have taken by surprise.

"To forfeit my esteem and good opinion. Those he can never enjoy again. But I doubt whether I have a right to deprive him of Verner's Pride. I begin to think I have not. I believe that the world generally will think I have not. It may be, that a Higher Power, to whom alone I am responsible, will judge I have not. There's no denying that he will make a more fitting master of it than would Frederick Massingbird; and for myself I shall die the easier knowing that a Verner will succeed me. Mr. Matiss, be so kind as read over the deed."

The lawyer produced a parchment from one of his ample pockets, unfolded, and proceeded to read it aloud. It was the codicil, drawn up with all due form, and bequeathing Verner's Pride to Lionel Verner. It was short, and he read it in a clear, distinct voice.

"Will you like to sign it, sir?" he asked, as he laid it down.

"When I have read it myself," replied Mr. Verner.

The lawyer smiled as he handed it to him. All his clients were not so cautious. Some might have said, "so mistrustful."

The codicil was all right, and the bell was rung for Tynn. Mrs. Tynn happened to come in at the same moment. She was retreating when she saw business again, but her master spoke to her.

"You need not go, Mrs. Tynn. Bring a pen and ink here."

So the housekeeper remained present while the deed was executed. Mr. Verner signed it, proclaiming it his last will and testament, and Dr. West and Tynn affixed their signatures. The lawyer and Mrs. Tynn stood looking on.

Mr. Verner folded it up with his own hands, and *sealed* it.

"Bring me my desk," he said, looking at Mrs. Tynn.

The desk was kept in a closet in the room, and she brought it forth. Mr. Verner locked the parchment within it.

"You will remember where it is," he said, touching the desk, and looking at the lawyer. "The will is also here."

Mrs. Tynn carried the desk back again; and Dr. West and the lawyer left the house together.

Later, when Mr. Verner was in bed, he spoke to Lionel, who was sitting with him.

"You will give heed to carry out my directions, Lionel, so far as I have left directions, after you come into power?"

"I will, sir," replied Lionel, never having had the faintest suspicion that he had been near losing the inheritance.

"And be more active abroad than I have been. I have left too much to Roy and others. You are young and strong; don't you leave it to them. Look into things with your own eyes."

"Indeed I will. My dear uncle," he added, bending over the bed, and speaking in an earnest tone, "I will endeavor to act in all things as though in your sight, accountable to God and my own conscience. Verner's Pride shall have no unworthy master."

"Try and live so as to redeem the past."

"Yes," said Lionel. He did not see what precise part of it he had to redeem, but he was earnestly anxious to defer to the words of a dying man. "Uncle, may I dare to say that I hope you will live yet?" he gently said.

"It is of no use, Lionel. The world is closing for me."

It was closing for him even then, as he spoke, closing rapidly. Before another afternoon had come round, the master of Verner's Pride had quitted that, and all other pride, forever.

CHAPTER XII.

DISAPPEARED.

Sweeping down from Verner's Pride towards the church at Deerham, came the long funeral train. Mutes with their plumes and batons, relays of bearers, the bier. It had been Mr. Verner's express desire that he should be carried to the grave, that no hearse or coaches should be used.

"Bury me quietly; bury me without show," had been his charge. And yet a show it was that procession, if only from its length. Close to the coffin walked the heir, Lionel; Jan and Dr. West came next; Mr. Bitterworth and Sir Rufus Hautley. Other gentlemen were there, followers or else pall-bearers; the tenants followed; the servants came last. A long, long line, slow and black; and spectators gathered on the side of the road, underneath the hedges, and in the upper windows at Deerham, to see it pass. The under windows were closed.

A brave heir, a brave master of Verner's Pride! was the universal thought, as eyes were turned on Lionel, on his tall, noble form, his pale face stilled to calmness, his dark hair. He chose to walk bare-headed, his hat with its sweeping streamers, borne in his hand. When handed to him in the hall he had not put it on, but went out as he was, carrying it. The rest, those behind him, did not follow his example; they assumed their hats; but Lionel was probably unconscious of it, probably he never gave it a thought.

At the churchyard entrance they were met by the Vicar of Deerham, the Reverend James Bourne. All hats came off then, as his voice rose, commencing the service. Nearly one of the last walked old Matthew Frost. He had not gone to Verner's Pride, the walk so far was beyond him now, but fell in at the churchyard gate. The fine, upright, hale man whom you saw at the commencement of this history had changed into a bowed, broken mourner. Rachel's fate had done that. On the right, as they moved up the churchyard, was the mound which covered the remains of Rachel. Old Matthew did not look towards it; as he passed it he only bent his head the lower. But many others turned their heads; they remembered her that day.

In the middle of the church, open now, dark and staring was the vault of the Verners. There lay already within it Stephen Verner's father, his first wife, and the little child Rachel, Rachel Frost's foster sister. A grand grave this, compared to that lowly mound outside; there was a grand descriptive tablet on the walls to the Verners, while the mound was nameless. By the side of the large tablet was a smaller one, placed there to the memory of the brave Sir Lionel Verner, who had fallen near Moulton. Lionel involuntarily glanced up at it, as he stood now over the vault, and a wish came over him that his father's remains were here, amidst them, instead of in that far-off grave.

The service was soon over, and Stephen Verner was left in his resting place. Then the procession, shorn of its chief and prominent feature, went back to Verner's Pride. Lionel wore his hat this time.

In the large drawing-room of state, in her mourning robes and widow's cap, sat Mrs. Verner. She had not been out of her chamber, until within the last ten minutes, since before Mr. Verner's death; scarcely out of her bed. As they passed into the room—the lawyer, Dr. West, Jan, Mr. Bitterworth, and Sir Rufus Hautley—they thought how Mrs. Verner had changed, and how ill she looked. She had, indeed, changed since the news of John Massingbird's death; and some of them believed that she would not be very long after Mr. Verner.

They had assembled there for the purpose of hearing the will read. The desk of Mr. Verner was brought forward and laid upon the table. Lionel, taking his late uncle's keys from his pocket, unlocked it, and delivered a parchment, which it contained, to Mr. Matiss. The lawyer saw at a glance that it was the old will, not the codicil, and he waited for Lionel to hand him also the latter.

"Be so kind as to read it, Mr. Matiss," said Lionel, pointing to the will.

It had to be read: and it was of no consequence whether the codicil was taken from the desk before reading it, or afterwards, so Mr. Matiss unfolded it, and began.

It was a somewhat elaborate will—as has been previously hinted. Verner's Pride, with its rich lands, its fine income, was left to John Massingbird; in the event of John's death, childless, it went to Frederick; in the event of Frederick's death, childless, it went to Lionel Verner. There the conditions ended: so that if it did lapse to Lionel, it lapsed to him absolutely. But it would appear that the contingency of both the Massingbird's dying had been only barely glanced at by Mr. Verner. Five hundred pounds were left to Lionel; five hundred to Jan; five hundred to Decima; nothing to Lady Verner. Mrs. Verner was suitably provided for, and there were bequests to servants. Twenty-five pounds for a "mourning ring" were bequeathed to each of the two executors, Sir Rufus Hautley and Mr. Bitterworth; and old Matthew Frost had forty pounds a year for his life. Such were the chief features of the will; and the utter astonishment it produced on the minds and countenances of some of the listeners, was a sight to witness. Lionel, Mrs. Verner, Jan, and Sir Rufus Hautley were petrified.

Sir Rufus rose. He was a thin stately man, always dressed in hessian boots and the old-fashioned shirt frill. A proud, impassive countenance was his, but it darkened now. "I will not act," he began. "I beg to state my opinion that the will is an unfair one—"

"I beg your pardon, Sir Rufus," interrupted the lawyer. "Allow me a word. This is not the final will of Mr. Verner: much of it has been revoked by a recent codicil. Verner's Pride comes to Mr. Lionel. You will find the codicil in the desk, sir," he added to Lionel.

Lionel, his pale face haughty and quite as impassive of that of Sir R. fus, for, anything like injustice angered him, opened the desk again. "I was not aware," he observed. "My uncle told me on the day of his death that the will would be found in his desk: I supposed that to be it."

"It is the will," said Mr. Matiss. "But he caused me to draw up a later codicil, which revoked the bequest of Verner's Pride. It is left to you absolutely."

Lionel was searching in the desk. The few papers in it appeared to be arranged with the most methodical neatness: but they were small, chiefly old letters. "I don't see anything like a codicil," he observed. "You had better look yourself, Mr. Matiss: you will probably recognize it."

Mr. Matiss advanced to the desk and looked in it. "It is not here!" he exclaimed.

Not there! They gazed at him, at the desk, at Lionel, half puzzled. The lawyer with rapid fingers was taking out the papers one by one.

"No, it is not here, in either compartment. I saw it was not the moment I looked in; but it was well to be sure. Where has it been put?"

"I really do not know anything about it," answered Lionel, to whom he looked as he spoke. "My uncle told me the will would be found in his desk. And the desk has not been opened since his death."

"Could Mr. Verner himself have changed its place to somewhere else?" went on the lawyer, speaking with more than usual quickness, and turning over the papers with great rapidity.

"Not after he told me where the will was. He did not touch the desk after that. It was but just before his death. So far as I know, he had not had his desk brought out of the closet for days."

"Yes, he had," said the lawyer. "After he had executed the codicil on the evening previous to his death, he called for his desk, and put the parchment into it. It lay on the top of the will—this one. I saw that much."

"I can testify that the codicil was locked in the desk, and the desk was then returned to the closet, for I happened to be present," spoke up Dr. West. "I was one of the witnesses to the codicil, like I had been to the will. Mr. Verner must have moved it himself to some safer place."

"What place could be safer than the desk in his own bedroom?" cried the lawyer. "And why move the codicil and not the will?"

"True," assented Dr. West. "But—I don't see—it could not go out of the desk without being moved out. And who would presume to meddle with it, but himself? Who took possession of his keys when he died?" added the doctor, looking round at Mrs. Verner.

"I did," said Lionel. "And they have not been out of my possession since. Nothing whatever has been touched: desks, drawers, every place belonging to him are as they were left when he died."

Of course the only thing to do was to look for the codicil. Great interest was excited; and it appeared to be altogether so mysterious an affair that one and all flocked up stairs to the room: the room where he had died! where the coffin had but just gone out of. Mrs. Tynn was summoned: and when she found what was amiss, she grew excited; fearing possibly that the blame might in some way fall upon her. Saving Lionel himself, she was the only one who had been alone with Mr. Verner: of course, the only one who could have had an opportunity of tampering with the desk. And that, only when the patient slept.

"I protest that the desk was never touched, after I returned it to the closet by my master's desire, when the parchment was put into it!" she cried. "My master never asked for his desk again, and I never so much as opened the closet. It was only the afternoon before he died, gentlemen, that the deed was signed."

"Where did he keep his keys?" asked Mr. Bitterworth.

"In the little table-drawer at his elbow, sir. The first day he took to his bed, he wanted his keys, and I got them out of his dressing-gown pocket for him. 'You needn't put 'em back,' he says to me, 'let 'em stop inside this little drawer.' And there they stayed till he died, when I gave 'em up to Mr. Lionel."

"You must have let somebody get into the room, Mrs. Tynn," said Dr. West.

"I never was away from the room above two minutes at a time, sir," was the woman's reply. "And then, either Mr. Lionel or Tynn would be with him. But, if any of 'em did come in, it's not possible they'd get picking at the master's desk to take out a paper. What good would the paper do any of the servants?"

Mrs. Tynn's question was a pertinent one. The servants were neither the better nor the worse for the codicil; whether it were forthcoming, or not, it made no difference to them. Sir Rufus Hautley inquired upon this point, and the lawyer satisfied him.

"The codicil was to this effect alone;" he explained. "It changed the position of Mr. Lionel and Mr Frederick Massingbird, the one for the other, as they had stood in the will. Mr. Lionel came into the inheritance, and Mr. Frederick Massingbird to five hundred pounds only."

"They two were the only parties interested in the codicil, then?"

"The only two. John Massingbird's name was mentioned, but only to revoke all former bequests to him, of any sort."

"Then—were John Massingbird alive, he could not now succeed to the estate?" cried Sir Rufus.

"He could not, Sir Rufus," replied the lawyer. "He would be debarred from all benefit under Mr. Verner's will. That is, provided we can come across the codicil. Failing that, he would succeed, were he in life, to Verner's Pride."

"The codicil *must* be found," cried Mr. Bitterworth, getting heated. "Don't say, 'if we can come across it,' Matiss."

"Very good, Mr. Bitterworth. I'm sure I should be glad to see it found. Where else are we to look?"

Where else, indeed? That Mr. Verner could not get out of the room, to hide the codicil, was an indisputable fact; and nobody else seemed to know anything whatever about it. The only one, personally interested in the suppression of the codicil, was Frederick Massingbird; and he, hundreds of miles away, could neither have secured it, nor sent his ghost to secure it. In a less degree, Mrs. Verner and Dr. West were interested; the one in her son; the other in that son's wife. But the doctor was not an inmate of Verner's Pride; and Mrs. Tynn could have testified that she had been present in the room, and never left it during each of the doctor's professional visits, subsequent to the drawing out of the codicil. As for Mrs. Verner, she had not been out of her bed. Mr. Verner, at the last, had gone off suddenly, without pain, and there had been no time to call his wife. Mrs. Tynn excused the negligence, by saying, she did not think her master had been quite so near his end; and it was a true excuse. But no one dreamt of attaching suspicion to Mrs. Verner, or to Dr. West.

"I'd rather it had been Lionel to succeed, than Frederick," spoke the former, honestly, some faint idea that people might think she was pleased, suggesting the avowal to her. "Lionel has more right than Fred to Verner's Pride."

"More right!" ejaculated Dr. West, warmly. "Frederick Massingbird has *no* right, by the side of Lionel Verner. Why Mr. Verner ever willed it away from Lionel, we could not understand."

"Fred needn't take it—even if the codicil can't be found—he can give it back to Lionel by deed of gift," said practical Jan. "I should."

"That my master meant Mr. Lionel to succeed, is certain," interposed Tynn, the butler. "Nearly the last word he said to me, before the breath went out of his body, was an injunction to serve Mr. Lionel faithfully at Verner's Pride, as I had served him. There can be no difficulty in Mr. Lionel's succeeding, when his intentions were made so plain."

"Be quiet, Tynn," said Lionel. "I succeed by means of legal right to Verner's Pride, or I will not succeed at all."

"That's true," acquiesced the lawyer. "A will is a will, and must be acted upon. How on earth has that codicil got spirited away?"

How indeed! But for the plain fact, so positive and palpable before them, of the codicil's absence, they would have declared the loss to be an impossibility. Up stairs and down, the house was vainly searched for it; and the conclusion was at length unwillingly come to, that Mr. Verner had repented of his bequest, had taken the codicil out of the desk, and burnt it. The suggestion came from Mr. Bitterworth; and Mrs. Tynn acknowledged that it was just possible Mr. Verner's strength would allow him to accomplish so much, while her back was turned. And yet, how reconcile this with his dying charges to Lionel, touching the management of the estate?

The broad fact that there was the will, and that alone to act upon, untempered by a codicil, shone out all too clearly. Lionel Verner was displaced, and Frederick Massingbird was the inheritor.

Oh, if some impossible electric telegraph could but have carried the news over the waves of the sea, to the ship, ploughing along the mid-path of the ocean; if the two fugitives in her could but have been spirited back again, like the codicil seemed to have been spirited away, how triumphantly would they have entered upon their away at Verner's Pride!

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

☞ Love has a thousand vagaries; some foolish ones, some blind ones; but it is almost useless to oppose them. The best way is to give way, or seem to do so. The little god may be coaxed and wheedled, but is worse than a pig when you try to drive him.

☞ When our cup runs over we let others drink the drops that fall, but not a drop from within the rim, and complacently call it charity.

☞ THE BEST WEAPON.—One of the benchers of Lincoln's Inn being often affronted, and at last challenged by a bully, told him, "I am old, and past fighting, yet I shall meet you, and shall bring my own weapons." The next morning he accordingly came with his own weapons, two constables, when the fellow seeing, ran away, and never troubled him more.

☞ SILK VS. COTTON.—They have got a new substitute for cotton under treatment up in Canada—a silk plant found in the Rocky Mountains, and capable of being grown in a cold climate. Its fibre is said to be longer and finer than that of the cotton plant, and of a gloss no silk or satin can match.

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

Henry Peterson, Editor.

PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, AUGUST 9, 1862.

REJECTED COMMUNICATIONS.—We cannot undertake to return rejected communications.

JOB PRINTING OFFICE.

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST JOB PRINTING OFFICE is prepared to print Books, Pamphlets, Newspapers, Catalogues, Books of Evidence, &c., in a workmanlike manner, and on reasonable terms.

Apply at the Job Office, Number 106 Hudson's Alley, below Chestnut Street. (Hudson's Alley runs southwardly from Chestnut, between Third and Fourth Streets.)

THE VOLUNTEER FUND.

In little more than a week's time, the sum of $400,000 has been contributed by the citizens of Philadelphia for the purpose of encouraging enlistments under the new call for 300 000 men. This is in addition to the sum of $500,000 appropriated by the city councils—making $900,000 in all. The subscriptions are still coming in, it being designed to raise $1,000,000 for the purpose of putting the Philadelphia contingent properly in the field.

Looking over the lists, as published daily in the papers, we find that the Pennsylvania Railroad Company gives $50,000; the Reading Railroad Company, $25 000. There were, up to last Saturday morning, six subscriptions of $5,000 each; four of $3 000; five of $2,500; four of $2,000; two of $1 500; two of $1 250; and *one hundred and twenty* of $1,000. Besides these there are some hundreds of subscriptions in sums ranging below $1 000. There has been no canvassing for these subscriptions, but they have been made voluntarily, the subscribers seeking the committees, instead of being sought by collectors.

What number of volunteers is called for from Philadelphia, we see differently stated. The Governor's call is for five new regiments. If these are raised, and they undoubtedly will be, and 5,000 volunteers are sent on to recruit the old regiments—making 10,000 men in all—we suppose Philadelphia will have done her part.

The $900,000 so liberally contributed, we hope will be surrounded by argus eyes, until it finds its way into the pockets of the volunteers. That scores of very "patriotic" gentlemen already have cast greedy looks upon it, and are calculating the best way of putting it into $1,000 sets of jewelry, sea shore excursions, and other vanities of that kind, we have not a particle of doubt. In fact the general conviction on the part of the people that there is always considerable doubt whether promises so liberally made will be more than partially performed, doubtless is one principal obstacle in the way of the enlistments.

When the people begin to see the bounty money actually paid down to every man who volunteers, they will begin to believe that the munificence of the community is not to be diverted into the pockets of certain adroit dispensers of the public treasures.

A gentleman informed us the other day—speaking of a certain public fund—that he knew that one of the two individuals intrusted with its distribution was—to draw it very mildly—entirely unfitted for such a responsibility. We do no not care to bring a libel suit upon our heads, and therefore we are not more explicit.

Our object in urging these things is not to discourage further contributions, but to inculcate the duty of watchfulness. $900,000 has been contributed—but what good will it do if those who have contributed it, do not take measures to see that it is appropriated properly. Above all, watch the city appropriation. And begin to suspect at once, if for various "good" reasons the payment of the bounties is delayed.

It is of the utmost importance that the old regiments should be filled up. Some people wonder why the volunteers so generally prefer the new regiments. If they would reflect a little they would remember that to join the old regiments is, as a general thing, to go down at once to the peninsula. But the importance of filling up the old regiments is so great, that even a double bounty should be given, if necessary to secure it. There is no doubt, we suppose, in the mind of any military man, that 10,000 men sent to fill up the old regiments are worth 30 000 in new ones. Double the bounty, therefore, if need be, for the old regiments—*and see that the men get the bounty, and at once.*

Above all, watch the harpies, in councils, and out of councils, who, with loud professions of patriotism on their lips, are eagerly contriving ways and means by which they may prey upon this noble fund.

AMUSING.

The *London Times* is getting along finely. In its issue of the 18th ult. it says:

The feeling is universal that if by mediation we can do any good to both parties we ought, at any risk of possible insult to do it. Feeling this, there is a feeling, which is now becoming very general, that if we cannot stop the effusion of blood by mediation, *we ought to give our whole moral weight to our own English kith and kin, who have so gallantly striven so long for their liberties against a mongrel race of plunderers and oppressors.* This is how our public put it. This is what is said, not only in London, but in Manchester and Liverpool, in Yorkshire, and in Leicester and Sussex.

It used to be that the Southerners were the "vile oppressors"—and we of the North partakers of their sin. That was the common taunt of England, and of Europe.

Now the *Times*—and, according to the *Times*, the greater part of the English people—have "changed all that." Now the slaveholders are "*our own English kith and kin*," who are striving for "their liberties"—and we Northerners and Westerners and Union men of the border states are a "mongrel race of plunderers and oppressors."

It is highly amusing—all this—too funny to get angry at. Why what are the English but "a mongrel race?" The "mongrel" races are the foremost races of the world. The Norman superiority consisted mainly in the mingling of the Saxon and Celtic blood—and the Americans have more of the Norman traits than any nation at present in existence. There is no higher type of face at present than the highest development of the American. Compare the portrait of Macaulay with that of Hampden—Macaulay looks like an Englishman of to day, Hampden like an Englishman of the heroic ages of English history, and like an American of the present day. The mixture of races in America will enable us to reproduce the perfect man—which breeding in-and-in would never do. We are, or soon will be, the English revised and improved. The time will come, before the passage of a century, when Englishmen will be as proud of their relationship to the people of these Northern states, as the *Times* now seems to be ashamed of it. We who possess the Future can afford to smile and wait.

ENGLISH CONSISTENCY.

The United States have many true friends in Great Britain, but it is evident now that a large majority of the politically influential and controlling classes, are not our friends. Not the less, however, should we remember to hold the honorable and noble advocates of the Union cause in foreign lands in high estimation, and allow our gratitude to them to temper our contempt and pity for those who so falsely and bitterly malign us.

Our readers are aware of the outcry that has been raised in England relative to Gen. Butler's famous "woman order"—an order of which it is sufficient to say that under it not a single woman has suffered either injury or insult. The sincerity of this foreign outcry has received a terrible illustration from an event that is said to have recently occurred in China.

It appears that the English Government, which seems to regard the rebellion in the United States as a very praiseworthy thing, holds a different view of the Chinese rebellion. Accordingly we find that in a recent battle, English and French troops were found engaged on the side of the Imperialists. Many prisoners were taken by the allied forces—men, women, and children—and these rebels were handed over to the Chinese troops for punishment. An account of what this punishment was, is given by an English officer now in service in China, and is published in the "London News," and a few others of the British papers. We copy portions of the account—omitting some details, the revolting character of which is such that we hesitate to shock our readers with them. The officer in question says:—

"I went with the crowd (in company with both English and French officers and soldiers) to see the execution of the Taeping prisoners *who had been given up for execution* into the hands of the mandarins *by the English and French authorities, who took no measures to prevent the ruthless butchery of those they lent their aid to capture*; when, horror of horrors! how am I to describe the dreadful scene, or will it ever leave my memory? Among those wretches were young and old, of both sexes, and of all ages and sizes, from the infant recently born to the man of eighty tottering on his staff; from the *enciente* woman to the young maiden from ten to eighteen. The latter were pushed out, by the guards, among the crowd of ruffians assembled, and were taken into sheds and by-places and debauched, and again dragged back by the hair or their heads to the Chinese guards to await their turn for execution. Some of them had fainted, and were pulled along the ground to the executioners, who threw them on their backs, tore off their clothes, and ripped them from the lower part of the abdomen to the breasts, which were cut off and dashed, with a curse, in their faces. [We omit here something even still more horrible.—ED.]

"Another young woman among the prisoners, awaiting her turn to be disemboweled, with a fine boy of ten months crowing and jumping in her arms, had him snatched suddenly away and flung to the executioner, who plunged the ruthless knife into his tender breast before his mother's eyes. Infants, but recently born, were torn from their mothers' breasts, and disemboweled before their faces. Young, strong men were disemboweled, elsewhere mutilated, and the parts cut off thrust into their own mouths, or flung among the laughing and admiring crowd of Chinamen.

"But I can write no more of these scenes, and can now only regret forever that I looked on the dreadful sight. I am no longer fit to be a soldier. I have been in many battles during the last twenty years, and in the thickest of the fight in most of them, where a rage and thirst for carnage is dreadful to reflect on afterwards; but nothing heretofore that I have seen or heard of, or even read of, could be compared to the dreadful cruelty of the disemboweling execution. Poor F——, who came with me to witness it, fell down in a fainting fit, and was in that state carried away, and is now a raving maniac from the effects the dreadful sight had on him.

"May God forgive England for the part she is taking in this war! and may the sin of the enormities *she has assisted in perpetrating on the defenceless woman, and helpless and innocent child*, be removed from her door! After the treatment English women and children met with from the hands of the blacks in the Sepoy mutiny, it is truly wonderful that Englishmen should join in or countenance similar atrocities here."

We see it stated that the truth of this account has been denied in Parliament. Our readers who remember the admitted falsity of certain other official statements recently made in Parliament, will not be apt to give ready credence to such denials, in the face of so plain and circumstantial a statement as the above.

And yet a nation whose government will join hands in such diabolical wickedness as this English officer bears his unwilling testimony to, presumes to lecture the people of these Northern states for their alleged want of humanity and magnanimity!

But what are the English and French troops doing in China? What business have they

there? Their avowed object in the first place, was to force the Chinese to take opium in exchange for their teas. The Chinese had teas to sell, and said they would not take opium—that vile and demoralizing drug—but would sell for silver, or not at all. Whereupon England—calling herself a Christian nation—proclaimed the broad principle, or rather want-of-principle, that nations that were weak must trade with her, and that the Chinese must take the opium of Hindoostan in exchange, because it was inconvenient and unprofitable to pay in the precious metals.

And there was scarcely a voice raised in all Christian and moral England against the monstrous iniquity of that war.

Look at the whole career of England in Asia. All her vaunted possessions are the fruit of unjust violence and cunning robbery. For centuries England has been engaged in the plunder of India. And when the East rose in rebellion against a dominant class alien to themselves in race, religion and even birthplace—a race of foreigners, whose only right of rule was that of the sharp sword and cunning brain—that rebellion was put down with the most relentless savagery.

A recent traveller in England writes home that he saw in one house he visited a collection of tongues—human tongues—that had been sent home from India by a relative, an English officer! They had been cut from the mouths of the revolted Hindoos—either before or after death, we are not certain which. Even if after death, it was a revolting deed.

We have no wish unduly to asperse the character of the English nation. We have friends in England, whom we have reason to believe are most virtuous, excellent and noble-minded people. The literature of England proves that among the English are minds not surpassed for clearness and breadth of view, hearts inferior to none in their sympathy for suffering, their hatred for all that is mean, unjust and vile. But we confess we are often unable to reconcile the existence of such minds and hearts with the cold-blooded, intensely selfish and mercantile policy which England has for centuries pursued, and seems still to be continually pursuing in the East.

Certainly it does not become Englishmen to affect any great degree of horror at the necessarily distressing incidents of the present American rebellion, when their own history—from the first to the last—is such a constant record of blood, blood, blood!

CANADA.—We are sorry to see it stated that American travellers—Union men—are not treated very courteously in Canada—and that the office of a newspaper in New Brunswick was recently destroyed by a mob because it favored the Union cause.

But this is no time for recrimination or quarrelling. If our citizens, travelling for pleasure, are insulted in Canada, let them keep their own side of the border. If they have business in Canada, let them transact it as far as possible by letter. "Easy, boys, over the breakers." Remember the first line of the old couplet,

"When thou art anvil, hold thee still."

The second line we need not repeat at present.

TO VOLUNTEERS.

The advantages of joining an old regiment are thus clearly set forth by a soldier, who has served sixteen years in the regular service:

"1. They learn more in one month in an old regiment than they will learn in four or six months in a new regiment, for in the one case every old officer and soldier is, by precept and example, an instructor, while in the other the officers only are instructors, and oftentimes but inexperienced and imperfect ones.

"2. They will better escape the diseases of camp life among old and experienced soldiers than in newly organized regiments. Presuming that inefficient and selfish officers, who have neglected their men, have, to a great extent, either resigned or have been displaced, the officers and men who remain in the old regiments have learned, by observation and experience, the means of preserving health, and will impart their knowledge to the young soldier. In proof of this, I know a captain in the army of the Potomac who has been for years in the regular army, and through the campaign in Mexico, who has not lost a single man by sickness.

"3. There will probably be less loss of life in battle in an old organization than in a new. Experienced officers will be less likely to expose their men needlessly than inexperienced ones. Old regiments will be less likely to be thrown into disorder under fire. As a general thing, the men will be better cared for if wounded, because of a better organization for the care of the wounded, and because the old surgeons have had greater experience in the treatment of the sick and wounded.

"4. Young soldiers in an old regiment will share the glory of a veteran corps.

"And, finally, as it is presumed that all who volunteer desire to render the most efficient service to the government, it is safe to say that ten thousand men distributed through the regiments now in the field will accomplish more in the next six months than thirty thousand organized into new regiments."

APPEARANCE OF THE NEW "MERRIMAC."—Captain Cone, of the John A. Warner, just in, reports that the *new Merrimac made her appearance yesterday* (July 30th) *about noon, in company with five other vessels.* Our gun boats were all ordered up the river above the fleet of two hundred and fifty sail which blocks up the stream at Harrison's Landing. The gunboats were formed into line of battle, but the rebel declined the combat. If the Merrimac passes the fleet, she will do immense damage among our transports; but it is believed Commodore Wilkes will sink or capture her. Great excitement prevailed among the transport men, the sutlers and few civilians at the Landing.—*Phil. Inquirer.*

SONORA AND THE UNITED STATES.—The Paris Patrie says the United States Government has offered to purchase the province of Sonora for $8,000,000.

ENAMELLING A LADY.

[The following is the full report of a curious trial in England, alluded to in our last paper. It is from a late number of the Liverpool Post, and amusingly illustrates the astonishing progress made by the arts in this enlightened age:—]

COURT OF EXCHEQUER, June 19.—(*Before Mr. Baron Wilde and a Special Jury.*) *Leverson versus Carnegie.*—Dr. Davison was counsel for the plaintiff; Mr. Karslake and Mr. Hayward for the defence. Mr. Davison, in opening the case, said the action was brought for services rendered by the wife of the plaintiff to the wife of the defendant, in performing a process known as enamelling ladies' faces (laughter.) Some years ago they had probably heard of celebrities who had undergone the process, but this was the first occasion, perhaps, on which they would see a lady who had actually experienced it. His client, the wife of Peter Leverson, carried on business at 47, New Bond Street, at the corner of Maddox Street, under the name of Madame Rachel. The defendant, the Hon. Swinfen Thomas Carnegie, who, he believed, was the heir to a peerage, married the lady to whom the services were rendered, and who, he was informed, was the daughter of the Countess Rapp, the wife of a Mr. Hope, who was well known in the highest circles of society. No doubt the jury would have an opportunity of seeing the effect upon Mrs. Carnegie before the end of the cause, and judge for themselves of the value of the services for which compensation was now sought.

Mrs. Rachel Leverson was then called, and requested to be sworn on the Old Testament. She said:—I enamel ladies' faces. In December last a young woman, the lady's maid of Mrs. Carnegie, called and asked me to come to her mistress's residence in Belgrave Square. I told her I never attended strange ladies at their residences, but that if she called upon me I would have no objection to see her.—About Christmas Mrs. Carnegie called at my shop, and told me that she was the Hon. Mrs. Carnegie. She said she had for a long time been afflicted with a serious abscess in different parts of her bosom, and that her complexion was very much faded in consequence of having undergone a serious operation in Paris. One of the abscesses had been cut away. This is a delicate thing for one lady to say of another. She said she suffered much annoyance from a fearful scar on her bosom, and that if I would enamel it she would give me anything for my services. I declined to enamel it, as in her serious state it would be injurious to her health. Mrs. Carnegie said if she could appear as publicly as she wished she would give me £1,000, or any amount of money, for ladies had circulated a report that she had had one of her breasts cut. She said that she had an income of her own, and ample money to pay me. She was perfectly aware that I attended no one but the *elite* of society (laughter.) She would rather pay me the sum I have mentioned than wear high-necked dresses.

Mr. Baron Wilde.—What was the enamelling for?

Witness.—For enamelling the bosom, neck face and arms (laughter.) She had been very handsome, but, though a young lady, she was then very much faded. I do not paint ladies; mine is a very different process (laughter.) I exercised my art of enamelling on her more than three times.

Are so many operations necessary?

Witness.—I can enamel a lady for one evening or forever (great laughter.) My process depends upon whether the lady requires it for for one evening or permanently. I enamelled Mrs. Carnegie four times at my residence. She called upon me altogether eight or ten times. From beginning to end Mrs. Carnegie never uttered a word of complaint. On the contrary, I received great compliments from her for what I had done. She said she went to a hunt fancy ball in Wales, where she was much admired. This was after I enamelled her. She said she assumed the character of "Snow" (laughter.) She told me how she was dressed. She wore a costly white tulle dress smothered with white feathers, to represent a snow-storm (continued laughter.) She said, "I looked very lovely, indeed, as my maid will tell you." She told me that Mr Carnegie had of late complimented her on her good looks, and also that he was quite aware I attended her. Before the process she had several unpleasant marks on her bosom, and her face was very sallow. She had a very beautiful figure, and was a very fine lady indeed, but her complexion had undergone serious change and pressure from loss of blood, in consequence of the operation in Paris. These appearances are now so far removed by my application that she is now a very beautiful woman indeed (laughter.)

Cross examined by Mr. Karslake.—I will describe my process if you wish. First of all every vestige of dirt is removed from the system by liquid herbs. The pores of the flesh are not stopped up as some suppose. It is my object to keep them open. The whole skin is washed over with liquid flowers, not with paint. Mrs. Carnegie was enamelled four times at my house. I hid the wound by a process only known to myself. I also enamelled the bust, the face and the arms. She once came to my house as late as 12 o'clock at night, and remained until 2 in the morning.

"Re-examined.—My process is really not enamelling, but ladies call it so, because under it the skin becomes so beautiful, soft, and white, that it resembles painting on ivory (laughter.) Mrs. Carnegie was delighted with her appearance after I had attended her three or four times. She said she would like to be made beautiful forever (laughter.)

And, so far as you know, the benefit you have conferred is permanent?

Witness.—I am certain of it (continued laughter.)

Mr. Baron Wilde.—Do I understand you to say that you have made her beautiful forever?

Witness.—Yes (great laughter.)

Are four applications necessary?

Witness.—If a lady is not disfigured or scarred, one will be quite sufficient.

This was the case for the plaintiff.

Mr. Karslake then addressed the jury for the defence. He said there could be no doubt that Mrs. Carnegie had the folly to undergo the process of enamelling, but the question was whether she had the authority of her husband to pledge his credit for such an extravagant purpose. Mr. Carnegie knew nothing whatever of the matter until, to his astonishment, he saw Madame Rachel's bill for the enormous sum of £933 5s.

The Hon. Captain Carnegie, the defendant, examined.—My wife has a private income of between £700 and £800 a year. She has a scar on the breast, the result of an operation. I never authorized her to employ Madame Rachel. I always supplied my wife with sufficient necessaries and medical attendance. I did not go to the ball at Monmouth which she attended. Speaking from my own personal observation, I think the scar is rather worse than it was at the commencement of the year.

Mr. Baron Wild, in summing up, said the question for the jury was whether the plaintiff had made out to their satisfaction that Captain Carnegie had authorized his wife to employ Madame Rachel in the way described. In deciding that point, they ought to look at all the circumstances of the case, the position of the parties, the peculiar nature of the services rendered, and the fact that the wife had a separate income of her own.

The jury, without more than a minute's deliberation in the box, returned a verdict for the defendant.

HOW TO DEMORALIZE AN ARMY.

From the Nashville (Tenn.) Union.

Suppose that a treacherous, unscrupulous foe declares war against the country, in circumstances which render the war an outrage of peculiar aggravation. The Government calls for an army to defeat the foe, and a vast concourse of patriots assemble to chastise him, and save the nation. Actuated by the noblest and most self-sacrificing spirit, the physician and lawyer leave their office, the farmer his lovely home, the tradesman quits his shop, the mechanic his bench, and the laborer his daily toil—forsaking home, wives, children, friends, business, and the sweet repose of civil life, with its "vine and fig tree," to try the hard fare and severe exposure of the soldier's life—the forced march, the drifted snow purpled with gore, the burning heat of summer and choking clouds of dust, the drenching torrent of rain, the hospital, the dreadful shock of battle. All this the patriot soldier faces, and if his heart quails, it is but for a moment, for the love of country inspires him with more than mortal courage, and the voice which speaks within his breast is not uttered by earthly lips; and thus

"In spite of surging billow's roar
The torrid march, the deadly shore,"

he marches on—on, repeating as he goes

"For that, fair Freedom, welcome all the past,
For thee, my country, welcome e'en the last."

He reaches the territory of the enemy eager for a conflict with the enemy; he has no love for war as a profession and longs to conquer a peace, that he may return to the delights of his former life, which no motive save that of patriotism could ever have impelled him to forsake. Weeks, months may pass away, and there is no battle—no advance is made. He is in the midst of a population, many of whom sympathize so heartily with his armed enemy, and many more of whom are actually aiding that enemy. He is beset with spies, who dog his footsteps everywhere. A distinguished rebel general has a fine plantation and many servants near the camp; but he is ordered not to molest them, and, for fear he might transgress orders, he is sent, with some others, to protect the plantation and the negroes.

The next day he is detailed to guard a rebel's orchard; the next day to protect a rebel's cornfield from the depredations of some soldier who wants the luxury of a roasting-ear; and on successive days he is sent to protect the cotton gin of a rebel General, to guard the wheat pens of a rebel Colonel, to guard the corn-cribs of a rebel Captain, and to keep his fellow soldiers away from the spring of a rebel Commissary. When he has discharged these duties, his officer sends him along with a violent rebel who has just returned from the army, and found that one of his negroes has escaped to the Federal camp to aid in arresting the fugitive. He and his messmates, broken down by the drudgery of the day, have eaten their plain hard fare, which hunger made savory, and now sit before their tents in the pleasant moonlight, summing up the events of the day. As they smoke their pipes he hears one of his comrades say, "Well, don't you think that old rebel M———, whose son shot one of our pickets a few weeks ago, got a permit to bring some goods through our lines?" Another one speaks up: "Yes, and our General wrote a pass to-day, for that old she rebel, Mrs. B———, to go and visit B———." Another pale-faced boy says: "They made me stand guard for three days, because I gathered some apples in a rebel's orchard." The talkers hush up for a moment, for the dashing commander of the post comes sweeping past them accompanied by a gay belle of the neighborhood, who is noted for her rebel proclivities. The cavaliers pass, and the conversation is renewed, but is soon broken by a sudden interruption. Four comrades come bearing in a fellow-soldier, who was shot through the head by an assassin while he was standing on guard at the corn-field to keep soldiers from stealing rebel roasting ears. Better a loyal soldier be assassinated than an ear of traitor's corn be stolen!

And presently a messenger gallops in with the news that a company of guerillas have captured the officer who lately rode by the group, while he was taking tea with the fair Secessionist at her farm house, a mile distant. Would it be deemed strange if these soldiers were to say:—"We had better return to our homes than come away from our families to protect the property of the very men whom we wish to fight. We came to fight as soldiers, and our officer has turned us into a police to watch over the conscribs, orchards and hen-roosts of traitors. Our officers frolic with the rebel planters, and compel us to dig ditches and repair roads, when there are thousands of slaves belonging to traitors at our very doors, who are more than willing to leave their masters, who use them to raise corn for the rebel army, and come and work for us. We enlisted as soldiers, and the Government has made us drudges."

The ardor and energy of the best troops in the world would melt away in such circumstances as these. Not in one county, nor in one state only, have these things occurred. We hear one loud and long remonstrance coming up from all sections of our army.

GEN. W. T. SHERMAN AT MEMPHIS.—Gen. Sherman had a conversation with a resident of Memphis, a few days after he took command, in which he made use of the following language: Said he, "Memphis is a conquered city. Were there any terms offered at the capitulation of the city? None that I ever heard of. Very well; then the people are all prisoners of war. All this buying of cotton is going to be stopped. Memphis is not a trading post; it is a military post. Burn your cotton if you want to. It's none of my business. Burn your whole city if you wish. I don't want your houses. My soldiers can live in tents. We have got Memphis, and are going to keep it. All this passing down South and carrying of mails is going to be stopped. I am going to have a cordon of pickets around this town, so near together that they can touch fingers. The Provost Marshal can have any guard he wants, from ten to ten thousand men. All he has to do is to ask for them. I don't care anything about the sentiment of the people. The people are nothing to me, except in their relations as prisoners of war. I would as soon send gunpowder South as gold. I don't want the cotton, but I do want the gold."

REV. DR. STORRS, in his address at the anniversary exercises of Mount Holyoke Seminary, said that a returned prisoner lately remarked that while at the South he could easily endure the taunts of the men, but that he had never before realized what and how terrible was the stinging hate of women, so intense, bitter, and beyond all belief, and he had come back with one additional mercy for which to thank God—*that the devil was not a woman!*

A GROCER in Springfield, Mass., does up sugar in ten cent packages and uses it for change.

NEWS ITEMS.

DRAFTING.—It is said that while the general Government will not draft, the Governors of the states will be authorized to do so, whenever and *wherever* they think proper. Of course those communities which fail to raise their proportion of men by volunteering, will have to do it by drafting. In drafting no bounties are paid. Ohio, it is said, and numerous other states, propose to draft after the 15th, if the state quota is not raised by that time.

FALSE.—The recent report that a party of rebels crossed the James river above Harrison's Landing, and drove off 500 head of beef cattle belonging to the Army of the Potomac from within a mile of our pickets, is said to be altogether false, as no rebel troops have crossed the river; neither has a single head of beef cattle been taken at any time.

THE Raleigh (N. C.) Register says there will be a reorganization of the Confederate army; each regiment is to be filled up to a standard of twelve hundred men, and the different state troops are to be organized into brigades by themselves. The conscription law is to be most rigidly enforced until the Confederate army shall number half a million of able-bodied men, aside from the militia of the several states.

IT is stated in Wall street, that Governor Moore, of Louisiana, has sold his crop of sugar to a "Lincolnite" house in New York, through an agent in New Orleans; and it is believed the sale has been consummated since the issue of the Governor's famous proclamation threatening with death any one who should hold communication with the "ruthless" invaders.

THE number of slaves emancipated in the District of Columbia, under the law abolishing slavery, foots up three thousand one hundred. The time for claims has expired.

THE OHIO WOOL CROP.—The wool clip of Ohio will this year amount to thirteen millions of pounds—two millions greater than the clip of 1861.

GEN. Lewis Partridge, of Norwich, Vt., was arrested a few days since by United States Marshal Baldwin, on the charge of treason. Gen. Partridge was United States Marshal for Vermont under Buchanan's administration.

A COMMITTEE of colored men of Cleveland wrote to Gov. Todd, of Ohio, recently, asking him if a regiment of negroes would be accepted to aid in crushing the rebellion. He replied to them by letter, declining to accept their services at present, and expressed the opinion that they probably would not be received as soldiers at any time.

A SERIOUS MISTAKE.—A saloon keeper in Cleveland, Ohio, in the scarcity of change, conceived the idea of issuing tickets "good for one drink" to regular customers, when he couldn't change their money. In printing the tickets, the printer made a mistake, as the saloon-keeper discovered to his cost, after distributing a large amount of them. The tickets read "good for one *drunk!*" A number of two-fisted drinkers, who got hold of some of the tickets, have been indulging in a series of drunks ever since, greatly to the pecuniary loss of the "saloonier."

OUT of one hundred young men at Warrenton, Fauquier county, Va., who enlisted in the rebel army a little more than a year ago, only eleven survive.

THE NEGROES.—A correspondent at Belize, British Honduras, under date of July 5, says that as there will be so many free negroes in the United States who will want occupation, he hopes about one hundred thousand of them will find their way to Belize. He further says they can have plenty of work, get good wages, good fare and good usage.

A FRENCH genealogist has found out that the Empress Eugenie is the true heiress of the throne of Mexico, through her Spanish ancestors, who are descendants of Montezuma. Of course.

POISONED ALE.—The analysis of the remaining portion of a quantity of poisoned ale which was drank a few weeks ago at Troy, New York, by two persons, proves that strycnine was contained in it. The brewer of the ale was entirely exonerated, but the parties selling the ale are implicated in the fraud.

AN IRON-CLAD BATTERY TO BE BUILT AT CHARLESTOWN.—Orders have been transmitted from the Navy Department to the Charlestown Navy-yard for the construction of an iron-clad battery, which from its peculiar model, is probably designed for harbor defence. It will be 240 feet long, 51 feet beam over all, and 11½ feet deep. It is required to draw 12 feet, and to register 1,800 tons.

THE SIX DAYS' ORDER.—Under the operation of the order of Gen. Hovey, about 1,350 persons in Memphis, and among them many of the principal property holders of the city, have taken the oath of allegiance, and perhaps 360 have been passed through the lines. Of the 360, ten per cent. may join the rebel army. Wednesday morning the Provost Marshal so mounted the pass as to suffer those wishing to leave the city to choose their direction, and a large proportion went Northward.

ARRIVAL OF A COLONY OF CONTRABANDS IN HAYTI.—Letters from Cayes, Hayti, received in Boston announce the arrival of a colony of contrabands from Washington.—The acting American Consul writes that the contrabands were in good health and excellent spirits; that they had been already located, and, as far as he could learn, the emigrants and the parties with whom they are located are perfectly satisfied with each other. The Consul adds:—"Hayti could easily maintain as many inhabitants as Ireland, and its present population, including the eastern part, certainly does not exceed 650,000 or 700,000. It could, therefore, receive all the African race from the Southern states, and would not then be so densely populated as Ireland."

BLOCKADE OF MEXICAN PORTS.—The ports of Tampico and Alvarado, on the 15th ult., were blockaded by a French naval force, the blockade to be maintained until a cessation of hostilities.

ADVICES have been received to the effect that the Confederates were aware two weeks ago that the mortar fleet under Com. Porter would ere long be operating against their batteries in the James River, and that they took the precaution to add to their strength and number in order to be prepared for any emergency. There is no question but what they will make a desperate resistance, and the heaviest of their batteries being on a bluff, as at Vicksburg, doubts are expressed as to our ability to silence them.

THE foreign trade of New York was never so prosperous as at present, in the midst of a great war though it be, in evidence of which it may be stated that the exports of domestic produce this week have been *four millions one hundred and thirty thousand dollars*, and the largest week in the history of the port.—*N. Y. paper of last week.*

EMIGRANTS.—The number of emigrants who have arrived at New York from the 1st of January to the present time is 41,506, as against 40,471 in 1861. The *London Times'* prediction relative to people fleeing away from this country, does not seem to be coming true yet. On the other hand, its own fellow-subjects are rapidly fleeing away—and to us!

THE RICHEST MAN IN THE WORLD.—Among other celebrities in London is Baron Stieglitz, the great Petersburg banker, who is declared to be the richest individual in the world. His annual income is estimated at over two and a half millions of dollars.

ANOTHER SHOCK FOR ENGLAND.—PRIZE-FIGHTER SENTENCED.—Michael Fagan was sentenced in St. Louis, on the 31st instant, to three months' imprisonment and one hundred dollars fine, for killing Andy Love in a prize-fight last spring. "Just to think how barbarous them Hamericans are getting!"

THE RIGHT SPIRIT.—Elias Howe, of Bridgeport, inventor of the sewing machine, and one of the wealthiest men in Connecticut, after giving $2000 to the enlistment fund, has enlisted unconditionally, and announced that he will not procure a substitute.

FILTHY LUCRE.—Postage Stamps that have circulated.

ARTIFICIAL ICE.—For some months past an ice making machine has been in operation at Westminster, London, which effects its purpose cheaply and quickly, by an ingenious process. Sea-water, as most readers know, does not freeze at the temperature of 38 degrees, as fresh water does. Advantage is taken of this fact in the following way:—A number of flat, square metal boxes, filled with fresh water, are placed within an air-tight chamber, around which a constant circulation of sea-water goes on, which, by the evaporation of ether has been reduced in temperature below the freezing point. This circulation chills all the boxes, and freezes fresh water into hard solid squares, fit for any use to which ice is commonly applied. A small steam engine connected with the apparatus maintains a vacuum in the chamber, and condenses the ether, which is thus made to do its work of refrigeration over and over again with but little loss; not more than about eight pence a day.

☞ The following lines were written by a soldier in the hospital at New Haven, who lost his leg in the battle of Fair Oaks:

L-E-G ON MY LEG.

Good leg, thou wast a faithful friend,
And truly hast thy duty done;
I thank thee most, that to the end
Thou didst not let this body run.

Strange paradox! that in the fight
Where I of thee was thus bereft,
I lost my left leg for "the Right,"
And yet the right's the one that's left!

But while the sturdy stump remains,
I may be able yet to patch it,
For even now I've taken pains
To make an L-E-G to match it.

☞ Colonel Ciucert, of the Army of the Shenandoah, has sent to Paris a long letter, which appears in the *Siecle*, and eulogizes the American soldiers in the highest terms. He says that they possess every quality of the French soldier, and two other qualities besides—a patience and a resignation beyond all belief. He speaks of their long marches without food, and almost barefoot, as something unparalleled in military history.

☞ The *London Times* says that "the people of the North are at once so arrogant and so ignorant that they are not incapable even of throwing down the gage to Europe combined."

The *Times* is right for once. If we are to go under, we will go under—but we will sink like the Cumberland, with colors flying, and our guns pouring out their shot to the very last.

☞ It has been said, and truthfully, that we can earn genuine manhood only by serving out faithfully the period of boyhood.

☞ A man with a scolding wife, when inquired of in relation to his occupation, said he kept a hot-house.

☞ The faster a young lady is, the more likely she is to be overtaken by the galloping consumption.

☞ Woolen rags have at last been reduced to the service of the paper-maker, whose efforts they have for a long time resisted. In England old coats, trowsers, blankets, &c., hitherto fit for little else than manure, are by some secret process bleached and transmuted into a white, fibrous pulp, which is freely bought up by the paper-makers at the rate of £25 a ton, and excellent printing-paper, suitable for newspapers, made out of it.

☞ The author of "Tristram Shandy," who knew human nature pretty well, says, "A sober man when drunk has the same kind of stupidity about him that a drunken man has when he is sober."

☞ The last improvement in pharmacy is a pill got up on the principle of a shell.—When swallowed it explodes. Instead of requiring four or five hours to operate, it produces instantaneous results.

☞ A wise man will make haste to forgive, because he knows the true value of time, and will not suffer it to pass away in unnecessary pain.

ALONE.

I have seen a bright star in high heaven's blue arch—
From the height of its glory 'twas thrown;
It wandered, methought, on a wearisome march,
As it journeyed the wide space alone.
'Tis thus oftentimes, man, forsaken and drear,
With his fond hopes all faded and fled,
Goes lonely through life with a sigh and a tear,
And wishes at last he had wed.

☞ IT MUST BE ONE.—The Louisville Journal says:—"There is no earthly truth more certain, more indisputable, than that, however desolating and terrible the war may be, there can never be peace in this country until what was one country shall be again one country. It may be a republic, it may be a despotism, it must and will be one. The whole people North and South may as well make up their minds to that at once."

☞ The following stanzas we select from "The Voices that be Gone," a song given in a dialect common to all the South-Western counties of England:—

"How mother, when we used to stun
Her head wi' all our noisy fun,
Did wish us all agone from hwome;
An' now that some be dead, an' some
Be gone, an' all the place is dum,
How she da wish, wi' useless tears,
To have agen about her care,
The voices that be gone!"

☞ THE KEY TO PROSPERITY.—"I say, Sambo, does you know de key to de prosperity ob de Souff?" "Key to de prosperity ob de Souff—big words, Juno! Guess you must ab been eatin' massa's dickshunary. Golly I ain't larned nuff to answer dat." "Well, chile, 'tis de dar-key."

LATEST NEWS.

From the Army of the Potomac.

FORTRESS MONROE, Aug. 1.—It is rumored and believed here that the new Merrimac has come down the river as far as Fort Darling, and that she is hourly expected to make the attempt to come further down. All of the Federal gunboats have passed up beyond Harrison's Landing, and not one is now in sight at that place or on the river this side.

The rebels opened with four batteries of flying artillery on the centre of Gen. McClellan's army. This firing continued for one hour and a half. Six and twelve-pound shells, conical and spherical, were used by the rebels, but not more than one-third of them exploded. Many of the shot fell short of the camps. But little damage was done to the shipping at the landing or at anchor. It is reported that nine of our men were killed and three wounded. The firing was brisk, but the rebels were silenced in less than forty minutes after our siege guns began to play upon them. The rebels, it is estimated, threw five hundred shells, and some, it is reported, lodged in the masts of the vessels. It is thought that the motive in this action of the rebels was to draw the Federal gunboats down the river in order to allow an opportunity for the rebel Merrimac No. 2 to pass out. The gunboats did not come down. There was one already at the landing, and she remained there during the firing, occasionally giving a shot at the enemy.

HEADQUARTERS OF THE ARMY OF THE POTOMAC, Aug. 2.—Six hundred troops crossed the river yesterday afternoon, for the purpose of destroying the houses and woods on the opposite shore which had afforded protection to the rebels.

Everything in the shape of a dwelling was burnt.

This was the point from which the rebels shelled our shipping and encampment the night before. The affair was successfully accomplished without the loss of a man.

The gunboats this morning were engaged in shelling the shores and houses down the river.

Five men were killed by the enemy's shells the night before last, and two wounded.

Conference of the Rebel Generals at Richmond—Their Plans for the Future.

Beauregard and Lee, at two conferences held recently at Richmond, advocated the policy of invading the North, and designated the following three points of attack—from Cumberland and Williamsport into Pennsylvania, from Danville and Cincinnati into Indiana and Ohio, and from Paducah and Cairo into Illinois. The above suggestions were, however, not agreed to. The conference did agree that it is necessary to obstruct the James River, so that that stream cannot be used by Gen. McClellan as a means of transportation and communication. Williamsburg, Yorktown, and the entire peninsula are to be retaken—the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad suppressed—New Orleans to be recovered—Memphis and the Mississippi to be retaken, and, in short, the whole Federal army are to be driven from Tennessee and Kentucky.—After this shall have been accomplished, then the propositions of Beauregard and Lee are to be taken into consideration. The Potomac and Ohio rivers are to form the basis of rebel operation and frontier lines—the seat of war is to be transferred from Virginia to Maryland, and 200,000 troops are to be hurled upon Washington directly from Richmond. After Washington has been captured, then Baltimore is to be liberated and the invasion of the North commenced at the three points already named. It was thought by the conference that this plan would force the Northerners to keep home 500,000 men to defend the Northern cities.

Miscellaneous.

By order of Gen Halleck, all negroes within reach of Gen. McClellan's army are to be impressed, whether free or slaves—no question to be asked. Local or state laws are not to be recognized by military officers of the Federal army. Every article of rebel property that can be made useful for service of the U. S. army is to be seized.

It is surmised by military men in Washington that McClellan intends crossing the James River in order to get into the rear of Petersburg, and take possession of the eastern branch of the railroad, in order to cut off supplies to the rebel army. Gen. Pope is to make a grand dash down the valley and capture Richmond.

Measures have been adopted at Washington to form the clerks in the several Departments into military brigades for defence of that place.

The new postage stamp currency will be in four denominations, namely, 5, 10, 25 and 50 cents. The 5's and 25's will be brown in color; the 10's and 50's green.

NEW YORK, Aug. 3.—It is stated that the Governor's proclamation ordering that troops be raised by drafting in this state will be issued within a few days.

The test oath of allegiance is now being administered to the employees in the navy-yard at New York. About forty of the workmen refused to comply, and gave frivolous excuses. They were promptly dismissed.

CAIRO, Aug 3.—The Grenada (Miss) Appeal, of the 28th ult. says:—"The Federals have abandoned the idea of taking Vicksburg by water, and are now evidently awaiting the co-operation of the land forces."

Letters from a rebel mail, captured at Corinth on the 29th ult., indicate a rebel movement on Nashville and Chattanooga.

It is supposed that strong entrenchments have been made at Gordonsville, Va.

It is understood that if Governor Magoffin, of Kentucky, attempts to take that state out of the Union he will be deposed at once, and a provisional government established there.

By the very latest advices from Europe it is stated that England, France and all other European Powers, continue their renewal of friendly feelings towards the United States Government. They express no disposition to interfere in our family quarrel.

☞ ADVICE.—"Always buy your chestnuts biled," said Mr. Slow to Ablinelech, who was about investing a penny in that little brown commodity, "'cause the raw ones want looking arter, and the wormy ones you have to throw away, but with the biled ones it don't make no difference—worms can't hurt when they're biled."

☞ PHOTOGRAPHS.—A photograph of the Saviour has lately been sold in the streets of Paris for a shilling a head. It represents Him as appearing in the Vatican to the Pope, and beneath it is the inscription: "Son, be of good courage, for the servant is not above his Master. As I was buffeted by kings and emperors, so shalt thou; but through tears, tribulation, and martyrdom, the Church shall come out triumphant from among her enemies."

☞ A PERFECT CURE.—An amorous swain, who had been severely afflicted with palpitation of the heart, says he found instant relief by the application of another palpitating heart. Another triumph of homœopathy. "Like cures like."

MOTHER-EARTH.

The miser's grasp upon his gold,
The child's fond love of toys and flowers,
Is not so great as is the hold
Earth hath upon these hearts of ours.

In vain we preach of heav'n and all
Its glories that we see by faith;
We shrink to pass the bound'ry-wall
That separates 'twixt life and death.

In vain we think of those who 're there,
With whom we held companionship;
We cling to Earth, and cannot bear
To let the holding cable slip.

Pain riots on our bodies frail,
We cry: "oh, God!" yet faith is dim;
We'd rather fiercer anguish hail,
Than let Death lead us unto Him.

Oh, mother, weeping o'er thy boy,
Who ne'er may lisp thy name again,
Thou criest: "He was my life, my joy!"
And the hot tears descend like rain:

Wouldst thou, if God unto thee said:
"Poor mourner, I will take thee too"—
Wouldst thou lay down thy aching head,
And cry: "Dear Lord, I gladly go?"

Ah no; poor flesh to Earth will cling;
The wormy grave would daunt thy soul;
Thy rising faith droop low her wing,
And clouds of doubt before thee roll.

Ah, lover, stricken down by woe,
To think thy precious flower must die,
Thy talk is wind; thou'dst shrink to go
With her Death-led, to bliss on high.

'Tis so in ev'ry grade of life—
The purse-fat rich and shiv'ring poor
Would rather cling to pain and strife,
Than pass to God through Death's dark door.

Well, blessed Earth, I wonder not
That our poor hearts unto thee cling;
A magnet fixed in many a spot
Holds us by many a golden string.

The pleasure-grounds of boyhood's days;
The glorious sun that warmed us then,
That cheered us with his golden rays
While seeking wild flowers in the glen;

The very pebbles in the stream
In which we fished for minnows small—
All these an influence o'er us claim,
And sweeten life's dark cup of gall.

The cot in which we learned our prayer,
Our first prayer by our mother's knee,
Our little neighbor-parties there,
When our young hearts o'erflowed with glee;

The meadow where cock-sorrel grew,
And where we found the skylark's nest,
The soft-eyed primrose bathed in dew,
An early star on sweet Spring's breast—

All these hold down our hearts to Earth;
And e'en amid our manhood's care,
So many precious joys have birth,
We gladly, fondly linger here.

For though, oh, Lord, we feel and know
Thou hast prepared a world of bliss,
Ten million beauties round us show
Thy precious print of love on this.

And only when we've *reached* thy home
Of endless Spring and fadeless flowers,
Shall we feel what a world of gloom
Is this poor fleeting world of ours. J. E.

STRANGE WAGERS.

The diligence stopped at the White Horse inn, in the principal street of Fontainbleau. Fatigued and oppressed by the heat on the road, we slowly stretched ourselves, and descended the steps as lazily as possible, smiling at the vacant appearance which sleep, broken by our sudden arrival, had stamped upon the visages of some of our fellow travellers. The baggage was dismounted, and dinner ordered. Some of the country folks were eagerly pressing forward to gaze on the newly arrived, together with their packages, bird-cages, and children. In the midst of all this bustle, a fat, red-faced man, about thirty years of age, an insipid babbler, who had favored us the whole length of the journey with the history of his good speculations at Fontainbleau, and of his marriage, which he was at the present time coming there to consummate, drew out his watch, and exclaimed:

"Already four o'clock!"

"Bet that it is not," said a gentleman in slippers, who was smoking a cigar before the door of the low-roofed apartment.

"'Tis one of Briquet's watches," proudly answered the rubicund-faced gentleman, at this interruption.

"Ten louis that it is not one of Briquet's," replied the smoker.

The other gave him a look of pity, and went into the travellers' room, saying to me:

"Don't dine here," and with a touch of the elbow, "we will go to a cafe, where we can do better."

"I'll wager anything you choose, that the watch is worth nothing," persisted the one in slippers, following after.

"I did not address my conversation to you, sir."

"Bet that you did," retorted the other.

My fellow traveller, confounded at this persecution, raised his hand, pointed to his forehead, signifying that the intruder was deranged.

"I defy you to prove it," continued his persecutor, and with this parry and thrust the two regarded each other with the most snarling looks it is possible to conceive, just like two dogs about to be let loose at one another.

"Upon my word," said the traveller to me, "I know nothing of the fellow, but I have a great inclination to make him march off."

"As to that, I wager you do not," answered the obstinate intruder. "Moreover, I will bet that I make you take the route back again to Paris, and that, too, without much delay."

"That will be no easy matter for you, as I came here to get married."

"One hundred louis that you do not!"

"Sir, you are an impertinent scoundrel, and I will box your ears."

"I bet 'tis a lie."

Upon this the ruddy-faced gentleman was incensed with rage, and passed before the fellow, making a sign for him to follow.

"Yes, my love," said the other taking with him a box containing a brace of pistols.

A friend interposed between them to stop this joke, but it was no longer a jesting matter, and representations were useless. They reached a solitary spot in the park, where the cigar hero was saluted by an officer of the garrison, who was willing to become his second. A five franc piece was thrown into the air as a signal, the report of a pistol followed, and the piece of money fell indented.

"Bet," said the never-ceasing and immovable marksman, "that I pierce that leaf, trembling at the extremity of the bough," and it was pierced.

"Wager that I kill you," added he, coolly regarding the astonished traveller.

"'Tis probable," replied the other, changing from the ruby to a ghastly hue; "and since it is probable, it is useless. Consequently, I take the road back again to Paris, and have the infinite honor to be your very humble and obedient servant."

In fact, he deposited himself upon the *imperial* of the diligence. It turned out that this was a rival to whom the fair lady had given a description of her intended, and by this means he won the lady in question. After the honeymoon, the dead shot had encountered the crestfallen suitor at Paris, and said to him:

"I wager that you return to Fontainbleau."

FROST MUSIC.

I was once belated in Canada on a fine winter day, and was riding over the hard snow on the margin of a wide lake, when the most faint and mournful wail that could break a solemn silence seemed to pass through me like a dream. I stopped my horse and listened. For some time I could not satisfy myself whether the music was in the air or in my own brain. I thought of the pine forest, which was not far off; but the tone was not harp like, and there was not a breath of wind. Then it swelled and approached; and then it seemed to be miles away in a moment; and again it moaned, as if under my very feet. It was, in fact, almost under my feet. It was the voice of the winds imprisoned under the pall of ice suddenly cast over them by the peremptory power of the frost. Nobody there had made air-holes, for the place was a wilderness; and there was no escape for the winds, which must moan on till the spring warmth should release them. They were fastened down in silence; but they would come out with an explosion when, in some still night, after a warm spring day, the ice would blow up, and make a crash and a racket from shore to shore. So I was told at my host's that evening, where I arrived with something of the sensation of a haunted man. It had been some time before the true idea struck me, and meanwhile the rising and falling moan made my very heart thrill again.—*Once a Week.*

WHAT BECOMES OF WEALTH.

A boot and shoe dealer has hanging in his store a pair of boots worth seven dollars. They constitute a portion of his wealth and a portion of the wealth of the world. A man buys them, and begins to wear them; by friction against the pavements, little particles of the leather are rubbed off, and thus separated from the rest of the sole. Every particle that is thus removed takes out a portion of the value of the boots, and when the boots are entirely worn out, the seven dollars of wealth which they formed is consumed. The wheat, corn, &c., which was raised by our farmers last summer is eaten up. No particle of matter is destroyed by the process, but the value that was in the grain is destroyed.

As, while men are wearing and eating up food, they are generally busily engaged in producing wealth of some kind, the wealth of the world is not usually diminished by this consumption, but it is changed. This applies, however, only to personal property; town lots and farms generally retain their value, but the personal property is in a state of perpetual destruction and renewal. As the several particles of water which constitute a river are forever rolling away to the ocean, while their places are being supplied from the springs and fountains, so the moveable wealth of the world is constantly being consumed to gratify human wants, and constantly being renewed by the restless activity of human industry.

RAIN.—A wooded country is almost invariably a wet country. The climate of Italy has been much improved by cutting down many of the Appenine woods; and Germany, owing to the clearing away of its dense forests, has obtained a similar blessing. Most likely this change has passed over our own country; many parts of it in ancient times were covered with forests, of which prehistoric traces may be often seen in quarries, and historic remains are occasionally disclosed at a very low tide, or when a bog is being drained. Of late years the Brazilian Government deemed it necessary to forbid any more wood to be cut on the Organ mountains, for it was found that the rainfall of Rio Janeiro, which lies at their base, was thereby being inconveniently lowered. The disturbances of our atmosphere, induced by the movements of the heavenly bodies, eclipses, comets, changes of the moon, &c., affect the weather greatly. Electricity and other agents are also intimately connected with the phenomena of rainfall. Perhaps science may be able some day to take them accurately into account.—*Edinburgh Journal.*

☞ It is from the remembrance of joys we have lost, that the arrows of affliction are pointed.—*Mackenzie.*

RHYMED SUPERSTITIONS.

This is a wise generation. The follies and superstitions of former ages have been exploded and thrown aside among the other antiquarian lumber. Man and woman nowadays have become philosophers, and occupy themselves with table tipping and hearkening to spirit trumpeters shut up in dark boxes. They listen with reverence to the "medium," whose tongue is wagged by the fingers of Capt. Kidd, or some other defunct cutthroat, who was, or should have been, one of the dainty fruits hung upon "Tyburn tree," and at the same time they teach their children to look with contempt on the stories about Jack the Giant Killer, and laugh to scorn the simple superstitious "charms" of a less "enlightened" age. Ere this harmless superstitious are wholy extinct, let us recall a few "charms" that may yet be heard whispered, with firm faith in their efficacy, in mouldy old world villages, in humble cottages, or in oddly-shaped farm houses that were built long before "George the Third was King:"

"Ash tree, ashen tree,
Pray buy this wart of me!"

After which the pin must be stuck in the tree, when the wart will soon disappear off the hand, and commence growing on the tree. This must be done in secret. Another charm was to place as many pebbles in a little bag as you have warts, tie up the bag and throw it away without noticing where it fell. The warts would disappear, and whoever found the bag would be annoyed by the warts.

To cure the hiccup use this charm. It has no effect on a drunken hiccup; in fact, it would puzzle a drunken man to repeat the verse correctly:—

"Hiccup, hiccup, go away,
Come again another day;
Hiccup, hiccup, when I bake,
I'll give to you a butter cake."

The charm for the ague originated in the fenny counties of England; whether it has effect when transplanted to this country is more than we can say. It must be said on St. Agnes's eve, by the oldest member of the family:—

"Tremble and go!
First day shiver and burn;
Tremble and quake!
Second day shiver and learn;
Tremble and die!
Third day never return."

The formula for making the butter come, has, we believed, been naturalized in this country. It is frequently heard in English dairies:—

"Come, butter, come,
Come, butter, come,
Peter stands at the gate,
Waiting for a buttered cake;
Come, butter, come."

Those afflicted with the toothache were cured by the following charm, and it was but a short time since we noticed in a London paper the fact of a "witch" being fined for obtaining money under false pretences by selling this identical "charm:"

"Peter was sitting on a stone,
And Jesus passed by;
Peter said, 'My Lord, my God,
How my tooth doth ache!'
Jesus said, 'Peter art whole!
And whosoever keeps these words for my sake,
Shall never have the toothache.'"

Schoolboys have several kinds of divination verses on going to bed, such as:—

Go to bed first,
A golden purse;
Go to bed second,
A golden pheasant;
Go to bed third,
A golden bird.

The positions they occupy in bed are suggestive of the following fortunes:—

He that lies at the stock,
Shall have a gold rock;
He that lies at the wall,
Shall have the gold ball;
He that lies in the middle,
Shall have the gold fiddle.

Another custom of schoolboys was to ascertain their future avocation by counting the buttons of their jackets while repeating this rhyme:—

Tinker, tailor,
Soldier, sailor,
Lawyer, cowboy,
'Pothecary, thief.

The name falling on the last button indicated the business predestinated. The choice was certainly not very extensive. In making presents, it is fatal to friendship if a sharp article is given, but the danger may be averted by the receiver giving back some trifling article and saying:—

If you love me as I love you,
No knife shall cut our love in two.

If any one is stung with a nettle, a certain cure can be effected by rubbing dock leaves over the part, and repeating very slowly this charm:—

Nettle in, dock out,
Dock rub nettle out.

Probatum est! We have tried it, when a boy, many a time, and found the charm—or the dock leaf—to be always efficacious. When you cut your nails, if you

Cut them on Monday, you cut them for health;
Cut them on Tuesday, you cut them for wealth;
Cut them on Wednesday, you cut them for news;
Cut them on Thursday, a new pair of shoes;
Cut them on Friday, you cut them for sorrow;
Cut them on Saturday, see your true love to-morrow;
Cut them on Sunday, the devil will be with you all week.

The following divination rhymes refer to *gifts*, or white spots on the nails, beginning with the thumb and going on regularly to the little finger. The last gift will show the destiny of the operator *pro tempore*:—

A gift—a friend—a foe;
A journey—to go.

The omens attached to colors given thus:—

Blue is true,
Yellow's jealous,
Green's forsaken,
Red's brazen,
White is love,
And black is death.

A number of other similar rhymes are more or less perfectly remembered, but the present dose will probably be enough.

THE BABY PAYS.

I have never known a house without a baby that got along as well as other houses. I never knew a baby that didn't pay its way in smiles and kisses to beguile the toil-worn and weary.

"I was going out to-day to get some steers to fat this winter, if that fellow had paid up his note yesterday," said William Nickson, as with a corrugated brow and sad look he sat down by the kitchen stove.

"My dear, I thought you had twenty steers now," gently replied the wife.

"Twenty! and what are they to eat up a hundred acres of corn that won't pay for hauling to market at a shilling a bushel.—This miserable war."

"Wah, wah, wah," says the baby, and the father's eyes mechanically wander to her, where she is locomoting along the floor frog-like, as fast as hands and feet can carry her.

"Patty cake," says the older brother; and as baby crowingly responds, the care-wrinkled brow of papa relaxes, and the corners of his mouth begin to twitch.

"You mind how she signed for a minister on Sunday?" says little Charley.

"There never was such a baby," says papa, as he snatches up the little chit and kisses the hands that would fain twine themselves in his whiskers.

The steers and the cares are forgotten, and after a merry jaunting of baby to "Banbury Cross," he goes out to his field hands a better and happier man.

For my part, I pity the woman who has not got any babies to win back the smiles to the stern face of the lords of creation.—*Prairie Farmer.*

THE ARAB'S GIFT.

A poor Arab was travelling in the desert, when he met with a spring of clear, sweet, sparkling water. Accustomed as he was to brackish wells, to his simple mind, it appeared that such water as this was worthy of a monarch; and filling his leathern bottle from the spring, he determined to go and present it to the caliph himself.

The poor man travelled a considerable distance before he reached the presence of his sovereign, and laid his humble offering at his feet. The caliph did not despise the little gift brought to him with so much trouble. He ordered some of the water to be poured into a cup, drank it, and thanking the Arab with a smile, ordered him to be presented with a reward.

The courtiers around pressed forward, eager to taste of the wonderful water, but to the surprise of all, the caliph forbade them to touch even a single drop.

After the poor Arab had quitted the royal presence with a light and joyful heart, the caliph turned to his courtiers, and thus explained the motives of his conduct:—

"During the travels of the Arab," said he, "the water in this leathern bottle had become impure and distasteful. But it was an offering of love, and as such I have received it with pleasure. But I well knew that had I suffered another to partake of it, he would not have concealed his disgust; and therefore I forbade you to touch the draught, lest the heart of the poor man should have been wounded.

All that sinners can present to their King is like the water brought by the Arab, though, like him, we may fancy it worthy the acceptance of our Lord. But He will not reject—He will not despise the little offerings of love and faith; for He hath promised that "even a cup of cold water, given in the name of a disciple, shall in no wise lose its reward."

A HINT.—"Dear mother," said a delicate little girl, "I have broken your China vase."

"Well, you are a naughty, careless, troublesome little thing, always in mischief; go up stairs till I send for you."

And this was a Christian mother's answer to the tearful little culprit, who had struggled with and conquered temptation to tell a falsehood to screen the fault. With disappointed, disheartened looks, the child obeyed; and at that moment was crushed in her little heart the sweet flower of truth, perhaps never again in after years to be revived to life. Oh, what were a thousand vases in comparison?

A KEEN REPLY.—John Wesley, in a considerable party, had been maintaining with great earnestness the doctrine of *Vox Populi Vox Dei* against his sister, whose talents were not unworthy the family to which she belonged. At last the preacher, to put an end to the controversy, put his argument in the shape of a dictum, and said:

"I tell you, sister, the voice of the people is the voice of God."

"Yes," she replied, mildly, "it cried 'Crucify him! crucify him!'"

A more admirable answer was, perhaps never given.

☞ The Romans placed the hearth next in sacredness to the altar. They were always ready to do battle *pro aris et focis;* "but imagine yourself," says Dr. O. W. Holmes, "rushing to a battle for a hot-air furnace, or making a desperate stand with your back against a stove-pipe."

A SUGGESTIVE SCENE.

We are glad to believe that the families in which scenes similar to the following transpire, are comparatively few—at least that there are a vast number where such exhibitions are never witnessed. Parents, in talking with their children, or in their hearing, should be exceedingly cautious *to say exactly what they mean.*

A young man says he remembers a dozen instances in which scenes like the following occurred, illustrating the *inner* life of the household. Sam comes tumbling into the presence of his mother, who is just then very busily engaged.

"Mother, may I go fishing with Ben Hooker?"

"No, indeed you shan't."

"Why not, mother?"

"'Cause you shan't—and that's the end of it."

"Well, 'cause what?"

"Hold your tongue in a minute."

"Oh, dear—oh, dear, I've cut my finger."

"Well, you've done it a purpose, I s'pose—so I don't care." (Gives him a box with five nails.)

"Boo—hoo—boo—hoo—oo—oo!"

"Stop that noise in a minute, or I'll send you right to bed."

"Boo—oo—oo."

"Go right to bed, you good for-nothing."

"Well, I'll go to bed—but do put a rag on my finger first."

"Let me see your finger. Oh, my! why there's blood on it. Why didn't you tell me?"

"I did tell you."

"No, you didn't."

"I say I did, too."

"You didn't. Hold your tongue. Here, I've put some rum and sugar on it."

"Thank you, mother; I always like rum and sugar. It makes it smart—but it *tastes* good." (Sam begins to suck the rag—and mother begins to smile.)

"Now go along out of my way."

"Where's my hook and line, mother?"

"In the table-drawer there, I guess."

"Mother, won't you fix the lead on? My finger's sore, you know. Just slip the cork over the line. There, that's right." (Mother does as requested)

"That's right. There's Ben Hooker coming now. I'm going, mother.

"Do go along, and get out of my way."

"I'm going fishing with Ben Hooker, mother."

"Go where you've a mind to, only don't bother me."

"Well, just box my ears first, mother."

"I will, if you don't go away—what a saucy chatter-box!"

"Do send me to bed—now do, mother."

Here mother turns away, pretending not to hear, though a lurking smile can be discovered on her face, while the hopeful son has his own way, of course, and a general good feeling prevails on all sides.

BESIDE THE DEAD.

Now I dare to scan thee boldly,
Haughty, pallid brow!
Thou hast ever met me coldly,
Scarcely colder now;
Something in thy bearing chilled me—
Not a smile from thee enthrilled me,
Sadly pensive brow.

I might touch thee with my finger—
Touch thy bloodless cheek,
Yet no haughty flush would linger—
But the thought is weak;
For thou liest dead before me,
With the pitiless grave-chill o'er thee,
Poor, white, frozen cheek!

In thy bosom's restless fever,
Longings stole to thee;
But in all thy heart-throbs, never
Leaped there one for me;
Yet they say thy heart was tender,
Melting in thine eyes of splendor—
Could it—could it be?

Eyes of splendor—yes, I know it,
But, for me, as cold
As Heaven's light, with snow-flakes through it,
From a cloud of gold.
Oh, those eyes, for others burning,
Met my own with scorn returning;
Cold—ah, me, how cold!

When they told me thou wert dying—
Dying young and fair—
All my soul went out in sighing
One impassioned prayer;
But the words shall not be spoken,
For I know that no sweet token
Beckoned for me there.

HOME AFTER BUSINESS HOURS.

The road along which the man of business travels in pursuit of competence or wealth, is not a macadamized one, nor does it ordinarily lead through pleasant scenes and by well-springs of delight. On the contrary, it is a rough and rugged path, beset with "wait-a-bit" thorns, and full of pit-falls, which can only be avoided by the watchful care of circumspection. After each day's journey over this worse than rough turnpike road, the wayfarer needs something more than rest.—He requires solace, and he deserves it. He is weary of the dull prose of life, and athirst for the poetry. Happy is the business man who can find that solace and that poetry at home. Warm greetings from loving hearts, fond glances from bright eyes, the welcome shouts of children, the many thousand little arrangements for our comfort and enjoyment that silently tell of thoughtful and expectant love, the gentle ministrations that disencumber us into an old and easy seat before we are aware of it—these and like tokens of affection and sympathy constitute the poetry which reconciles us to the prose of life. Think of this, ye wives and daughters of business men. Think of the toils, the anxieties, the mortifications, and wear that fathers undergo to secure for you comfortable homes; and compensate them for their trials by making them happy by their own fireside.

EARLY BREAKFASTS.

A bad custom is prevalent in many families, especially among farmers, of working an hour or two before breakfast, attending to "chores," hoeing in the garden, cutting wood, etc. This is convenient on many accounts, but is not conducive to health. The prevalent opinion is that the morning air is the purest, and most healthful and bracing; but the contrary is the fact. At no hour of the day is the air more full of dampness, fog, miasma, etc., than at about sunrise. The heat of the sun gradually dissipates these miasmatic influences as the day advances. An early meal braces up the system against these external influences. Every one knows the languor and faintness often experienced for the first hour in the morning, and that this is increased by exercise and want of food. We do not agree with the boarding-school regime which prescribes a long walk before breakfast, as a means of promoting health. Probably the best custom would be to furnish every member of the family, especially those who labor out of doors, with a simple cup of warm coffee, well milked, immediately after rising from bed. Then let them attend to chores or mowing, hoeing, etc., for an hour or two, while the teams are feeding, and breakfast preparing. They will feel better, and do more work.

KILLING TIGERS.

An ingenious method of destroying tigers is used in Persia and Hindostan. This device consists of a large hemispherical cage, made of strong bamboos, or other efficient materials, woven together, but leaving intervals throughout of three or four inches broad. Under this cover, which is fastened to the ground by means of pickets, in some place where tigers abound, a man, provided with two or three short, strong spears, takes post at night. Being accompanied by a dog, which gives the alarm, or by a goat, which by its agitation answers the same purpose, the adventurer wraps himself up in his quilt, and very composedly goes to sleep, in full confidence of his safety. When a tiger comes, and, perhaps, after smelling all round, begins to rear against the cage, anxious for a closer acquaintance with the man or the goat, the man then stabs him with one of the spears, through the interstices of the wicker-work, and, without injury to himself or his fellow-prisoner in the cage, the man rarely fails of destroying the tiger, which is ordinarily found dead in the morning, from the wounds of the spear inflicted upon the most unprotected part of the animal's body. Thus the tiger's strength, swiftness and ferocity are outmatched by the ingenuity of man.

POWER OF MONEY.

The power of money is, on the whole, over-estimated. The greatest things which have been done for the world have not been accomplished by rich men, or by subscription lists, but by men generally of small pecuniary means. Christianity was propagated over half the world by men of the poorest class; and the greatest thinkers, discoverers, inventors and artists, have been men of moderate wealth, many of them little raised above the condition of manual laborers in point of worldly circumstances. And it will always be so. Riches are oftener an impediment than a stimulus for action; and in many cases they are quite as much a misfortune as a blessing. The youth who inherits wealth is apt to have life made too easy for him, and he soon grows sated with it, because he has nothing left to desire. Having no special object to struggle for, he finds time hang heavily on his hands; he remains morally and spiritually asleep, and his position in society is often no higher than that of a polypus over which the tide floats.

REVERSES OF FORTUNE.

How many females, who once cherished the expectation of filling a splendid station in life, have been reduced to the necessity of exerting their talents to gain a subsistence! You are all probably acquainted with some such; you may, perhaps, have heard it remarked of them that their trials have rendered their characters more interesting and valuable, by throwing them upon their own resources. Those of you who now enjoy prosperity may have no fear that your situations will ever change; you may not conceive the possibility of suffering those reverses which you have witnessed in others. But riches are proverbially fleeting; a storm at sea may wreck the freighted vessel on which families may depend for wealth; fire may consume property; the failures of others may involve; the channels of trade may be turned; manufacturing interests may decline, or landed estates may sink in value; upon these and a thousand other chances does the uncertain tenure of worldly wealth depend.—*Melton.*

A LIFE PRESERVER ALWAYS READY.—In many cases of apparent danger upon the water, safety appears attainable by the proper use of a man's hat and pocket-handkerchief, which being all the apparatus necessary, is to be used thus:—Spread the handkerchief on the ground or deck, and place the hat, with the brim downwards, on the middle of it; then tie the handkerchief round the hat, like a bundle, keeping the knots as near the centre of the crown as possible. Now, by seizing the knot in one hand, and keeping the opening of the hat upwards, a person, without knowing how to swim, may fearlessly plunge into the water.

☞ ADVICE.—If your coat is comfortable, wear it two or three months longer; no matter if the gloss is off. If you have no wife, get one; if you have, God bless her, stay at home with her, instead of spending your evenings in expensive, fast fooleries. Be honest, frugal, plain; seek content and happiness at home; be industrious and persevering; and our word for it, if your circumstances are now embarrassed, they will soon become easy, no matter who may be Premier, or what may be the price of stocks.

ENDURANCE.

BY FLORENCE PERCY.

How much the heart may bear, and yet not break!
How much the flesh may suffer and not die!
I question much if any pain or ache
Of soul or body brings our end more nigh.
Death chooses his own time—till that is sworn
All evils may be borne.

We shrink and shudder at the surgeon's knife,
Each nerve recoiling from the cruel steel,
Whose edge seems searching for the quivering life—
Yet to our sense the bitter pangs reveal
That still, although the trembling flesh be torn,
This, also, can be borne.

We see a sorrow rising in our way,
And try to flee from the approaching ill—
We seek some small escape—we weep and pray—
But when the blow falls, then our hearts are still—
Not that the pain is of its sharpness shorn—
But that it can be borne.

We wind our life about another life—
We hold it closer, dearer than our own—
Anon it falsts and fails in deathly strife,
Leaving us stunned, and stricken, and alone—
But ah, we do not die with those we mourn—
This, also, can be borne.

Behold, we live through all things,—famine, thirst,
Bereavement, pain; all grief and misery,
All woe and sorrow; life inflicts its worst
On soul and body—but we cannot die.
Though we be sick, and tired, and faint, and worn;—
Lo! all things can be borne!

—*Portland Transcript.*

IN MY YOUTH.

CHAPTER I.

Mine is an old, old story; a story which has been told often before, and will be told often again, so long as there are sorrows and mistakes in this world of ours, and wrong-doing on the one side, and pride and folly on the other. It is only a history of feelings and the ordinary events of every-day life, without startling accidents or romantic enterprises; claiming nothing of the world but sympathy with human suffering, and pity for life and happiness destroyed.

We were two brothers, Justin, the elder, and I, Richard, some four years younger. Justin was of my father's blood, I of my mother's; and the antagonism which began from our birth has continued through our lives, and will continue to the end. And here let me say, that I do not wish to speak too harshly of my brother. I would paint his character fairly, and relate his actions as they really were, but without wrath or bitterness; and if I am at times betrayed into expressions of anger or disdain, let them be understood as the words of a man who cannot always control himself to the fitting amount of calmness, but who does not wish his passion to influence the minds of others.

From the day of his birth, my father accepted his eldest son as his of absolute right and without participation. My mother was only the allotted nurse, without rights, privileges, or claims. He himself was everything—guardian, nurse, physician: and my mother had but one duty—to obey his wishes respecting the child. And his wishes, I believe, were rather hard to be obeyed, and very disastrous in their results.

So things went on till Justin was about four years old, and then I was born, to add another perplexity to the household. Of me my father never took any notice whatever. He was immensely surprised, I have heard my mother say, that she should have another child, and never could quite understand it, or reconcile it with his ideas of the fitness of things. But nature was inexorable; and I came into the world, a big, black eyed boy, to be loaded with my mother's kisses, and brought up under the cold shadow of my father's neglect. For my birth only added to his devotion to Justin; and, as if resolved that no possible rivalship should come between them, he forgot to be even just to me in his determination not to be loving. I can recognize now the exaggerated loyalty to the one which led him to be so cold and even cruel to the other; but as a child I only remember suffering acutely, and feeling that I would have given up my childish heart in gratitude for one kind look or loving caress from my father. That look or caress never came, and I longed and waited and hoped in vain. And by degrees this coldness bore its fruit; and as I grew up I ceased to expect his affection, and then I ceased to desire it. My mother's love made up for everything else wanting, and I believe that my passionate idolatry of her brightened many a dark passage in her life.

Justin and I were singularly unlike both in person and nature. He was small, delicate, nervous, and fair, like my father; I was broad, muscular, and swarthy, and the living image, my poor mother used to say, of her own father, old Richard Graham, of Wanfield, a notable man in his day, notorious for pluck and spirit, and a daredevil, but not ignoble, life. In character my brother was timid, sly, secretive, proud with the pride of a home-bred boy who has never found his level, unable to bear blame, and always eager to escape it by throwing it, no matter how unjustly, on others. I was careless, obstinate, and headstrong, but I was not false, and would not have bought off the most terrible punishment in the world by a lie, or by the fencing and prevarication at which Justin was so clever. He would let me be flogged for his faults with the blandest smile imaginable; and as my father believed in him implicitly, and as his lie by implication was always ready and always plausible, I got a host of punishments, not only for the faults which I had actually committed and which deserved chastisement, but also for Justin's, which he managed to shift on to my shoulders with the cleverness of an acrobat. I remember to this hour a case in point, which will explain my meaning better than any mere assertion.

At the bottom of the home-field ran a rather swift and deep stream, called the Willow Brook. Followed through the new plantation, the river led to the Giant Stepping-stones, beyond which lay a deep, still pool of, I then believed, unfathomable depth. It was a dangerous place for children, and we were always forbidden to go there. Reasonably enough, when so young as I was then (only seven;) but where a lad of eleven, who had any sense at all, could surely take care of himself! But my father was more afraid for Justin than for me; and the Giant Stepping-stones, with their rapid eddies and blinding foam, their tumult, roar, and dangerous footholds, made the crowning terrors of his life. But Justin was obedient, and feared the eerie fascination of the river as much as my father himself. I, on the contrary, bold and defying, cared little for danger or prohibition, and knew by heart every bit of moss and thorn and brake and stone that was to be found along the margin of the river. I had ventured across the Stepping-stones, through the foam and whirl of eddying waters that seemed to me as mighty as Niagara in after days; and had even hung over the unfathomable pool, and called out for "Adam and Eve;" which Adam and Eve were two immortal fishes said by the country people to haunt the pool: with infinite good luck to those to whom they would show themselves. All this I had done in my wilfulness of courage and defiance, while Justin had been walking on the upper terrace of the garden: in his younger days nursing a doll, in his older playing with a ball.

On the day of which I am going to speak my father went from home, leaving Justin strict commands of what he was to do, and what leave undone, for every hour of his absence; and, above all things, he was not to go beyond the upper terrace in the garden, or venture in the fields or lane. My father had no sooner driven off, than I scampered down to the Willow Brook, and along the reedy margin to my dear old home by the unfathomable pool. While sitting in the fork of one of the low-lying boughs, lost in the shadow of the leaves, half-dreaming, half-waking, as I watched the sunshine glancing through the foliage on the river, I saw what I took to be an unearthly apparition. A beautiful bird, of all imaginable colors, but chiefly of a marvellous transcendent blue, came quick as lightning past me, poised in the air a minute, then flashed into the stream, and was lost. Again and again it came, and I, in my childish ignorance of the true manner and being of a kingfisher, believed that I had seen a fairy bird—perhaps a near relative of the mysterious Adam and Eve in the depths below—some enchanted prince or princess, or beautiful benevolent genius in her moment of transformation. Breathless with excitement, I rushed to the hall, calling Justin loudly, to tell him my adventure. He was wiser than I, and did not believe in fairies—never did, even as a child; but his curiosity was excited as to what kind of creature I had seen, and for once in his life, forgetful of my father's commands, he ran off to the brook; I following at the top of my speed.

There is always but one ending to such things. Of course he tumbled in, got wet through, and was nearly scared to death; and of course I rushed into the bog to help him out, doing as much harm as good, and getting very nearly suffocated with the mud in my frantic attempts to pull him through; for he, poor creature, was too frightened to stir! He was such a white, weak coward!

The first sight, then, that met my father on his return was that of his two sons, soaked to the skin and covered with yellow clay from head to foot: the one pale as death, shivering and screaming; the other red and defiant, knowing the doom that would surely come, and already stiffening his muscles to the cane. On examination, it turned out that I had forced Justin to go to the river with me, on Heaven knows what absurd plea of justification for him; that I had willfully waded into the marsh, when, seeing me on the point of sinking, he had manfully followed to help me out, whereupon I had turned and beaten and otherwise ill treated him. To all of which Justin gave implied and evasive assent, not daring to tell a direct lie, but letting my father's suppositions stand as truths; while I stood by, swelling with childish pride, resolved not to say a word in my defence, whatever might be the consequence. That consequence was, I got a caning which I remembered for weeks after; but Justin was put to bed, and had some miraculous sack-posset for supper: which latter fact made the greatest impression of all on me.

Justin was not allowed to go to school. His health was too delicate for such rough discipline, said my father; as it was too delicate, according to him, for every manly game or exercise whatever. In consequence of which belief, he could not ride, hunt, shoot, play quoits or billiards or cricket or football; he could not swim, boat, or fish;—he could do nothing but draw flowers from nature—one single flower and one single leaf at a time—and play, with infinite spiritlessness, on the pianoforte. But he was not a dunce, and read a good deal, though in a desultory and unsystematic manner, more for the nourishment of his pride than the enlargement of his mind, and to be able to humiliate others rather than to improve himself. Fortunately for me, I was left to follow the bent of my inclinations, and these led me to all manner of rough sports and manly pastimes; so that, when quite a boy, I was a good shot, could ride well to hounds, and was acknowledged the best batter of my size in the neighborhood. When I went to school I learnt other things, but I kept up the old accomplishments during the holidays. I might have done better than I did in the way of the *Gradus ad Parnassum*, and the like; I was never very bookishly inclined; but what I did learn has stood me in better stead in my rough southern home than any amount of classics or mathematics would have done.

When I was eighteen I came home for just the brief period remaining between the holidays and college term-time. I had not belied the promise of my boyhood. Over six feet in height, broad and muscular in proportion, as black as a crow and as strong as a giant, my pale, lean-backed, nervous little brother, five feet five, and with the hands and hair of a girl, looked a mere plaything beside me. And so he was. I could have crushed him between my finger and thumb as I could have crushed a sparrow or a canary-bird. But he was more than my match in intellectual subtlety. Assured of his own superiority, full of contemptuous comparisons between mind and matter, the Arab and the cart-horse, the dullness of muscle and the spiritual excellence of nerves, it was his constant endeavor to make me appear as ignorant and material as he was learned and supersensual. To all of which petty annoyances I only laughed, sublimely good-natured, as is the manner of young giants, and too well contented with my own glorious inheritance of health and strength, in contrast to his diseased life and stunted frame, to grudge him what solace he could find in words which hurt me as little as the buzzing of a fly across the pane. But his sarcasms sank deep into my father's mind, and did me incalculable mischief with him: which was scarcely needed as things were.

It was a happy day for us all—a day of relief even to my poor mother, for all her love of me—when term-time came, and I went up to Cambridge to prepare for the great battle of life before me. When I returned for the Long, I found, staying as a guest at the Hall, Edith Lawson, the daughter of one of my father's early friends. She had been at the Hall about a fortnight before I came home; but though my mother had mentioned her in one of her letters, I had not paid much attention to it, and the sight of her sitting there, domesticated and at home, took me strangely by surprise. Lively, beautiful, and clever, with just enough dash and spirit in her to make her racy and original, without in any manner affixing her to the "fast" school, Edith Lawson threw a charm and grace of her own about the old Hall. She seemed to me to be just the being we had always wanted—the "sister" for whom I had always belonged. We were good friends immediately, for we had very much in common, though she was a gracious, fairy girl, and I nothing but a rude, big, swarthy boy. She could do many things which women do not generally accomplish: she rode as I never saw any one but herself ride; she could fire a pistol without screaming, and as often hitting the mark as not; she could row like a water-nymph, if water-nymphs ever did row, and keep the most capricious little outrigger upright; she played at billiards without cutting the cloth; and, in fact, was the most reasonable companion for a muscular young savage like myself that could have befallen. But she was capable of all graceful girlish works as well, and perfectly understood the gentle courtesies of a drawing-room life. I can see her now, bending her pretty head over her work, her dark, loosely-braided hair falling like a cloud over her flushed cheeks, and her hands moving with a kind of rhythmic motion, inexpressibly beautiful to me; or stirring lightly through the room, helping my mother in some little kindly duty, with the ready grace of a child. I confess, though, she was somewhat indolent in the house, and of the class of girls to be waited on and petted by strong men, and only by rare fits of industry settled herself heartily to her work-box, or moved about with any purpose in her actions beyond a momentary restlessness. Life was so strong and rich in her young veins, one could scarcely look for much calm or repose in her as yet. In the times to come she grew quiet enough, God help her!

It was natural that, with our great similarity of tastes, Edith and I should draw closer together than she and Justin ever could. We used to ride together when it was fine, and when wet we knocked the balls about the long table, and laughed at each other's mistakes; and I used to take her on what we called the lake, which was a broad, open sheet of water, where the Willow Brook lost itself, and was never heard of more; and there we used to fish, though we never caught any thing specially extensive; but it pleased Edith, and that was joy enough to me, and altogether we fell into a way of life as natural and harmonious as if we had been indeed the brother and sister we used to say we were.

My father, though obliged, for politeness and policy, to let the girl have her own way while a guest at his house, yet kept a malicious watch on us, and whenever it was possible would hound me away from her with some expression of contempt or scorn, almost brutal in its insolent harshness. I am glad now that I never forgot he was my father, and never suffered myself to be betrayed into a disrespectful word. Yet it was hard to bear, with Edith's dark eyes fixed on me so wonderingly, sometimes, as it seemed to me, with a pity, which was the hardest to bear of all. As for my brother, when he attempted any of his foolish little insolence I either strode over him or knocked him out of my way, if more irritating than usual. I seldom condescended to bandy words with him, and I had the happiness of seeing that Edith despised him as much as I did.

"You think so!" said he sarcastically, one day when he had irritated me into telling him that neither Edith nor any other girl in Christendom could be brought to look on him with kindness,—"you think so, Richard? Ah, well, when you are a few years older you will find that women care more for brains than they do for bones, and prefer a well educated man, who can understand them, to any mere six-foot Life-Guardsman, as big as a horse and as stupid as an owl. You are all very well now as Edith's playfellow; when she is a woman she will think differently. Meanwhile I can bide my time, Richard, and hold my tongue."

There was something in Justin's manner that impressed me very painfully; but I was not stupid enough to let him see that he could move me, foolish as he thought me; so I stalked back to where Edith was sitting in the shadow of the great cedar on the lawn, and we plunged into the excitement of a game at cat's-cradles, she refusing to let Justin hold the string with her when he had finished. I was glad of this, and said so to Edith maliciously. Upon which Justin got up, and went into the house, and immediately after my father came out, and made directly for us.

"You lazy boor," he said, giving me a slight push with his foot, as I lay on the grass, "have you nothing better to do than tease Miss Lawson with your foolish boyish tricks? Get up, for Heaven's sake, and go and do something, Richard. Your indolence and stupidity will ruin you."

"Oh, but I asked Richard to come and play with me," said Edith boldly, speaking very like a petted child pleading for its playmate; and I was nearly nineteen, with something thicker than down on my upper lip, six feet in height, and marked in my college as the strongest man there!

"Very bad taste, then, my pretty Edith," said my father, with a forced laugh. "A gentle, delicate young lady ought to choose more appropriate companions than this half-licked cub. Indeed it is far against my wish that he should intrude on you as much as he does; but—"

"But he does not intrude," said Edith frankly; "and I like him."

My father turned with a heavy frown towards me. "Do you hear me, sir?" he thundered out: "go and get something to do, and leave Miss Lawson alone for the rest of to-day, at all events. Go and copy that report for me out of Burns's *Country Justice*, and let me believe that you are sometimes a little usefully employed."

This ended my enjoyment with Edith for to-day, and ever from this time to the end of my stay my father used to perseveringly prevent my being alone with her, and to treat me with increased insolence and harshness. I call it insolence advisedly; for I do not think that the mere accident of sonship cancels a man's right to respect. For some time I bore it with tolerable patience, and then I grew sullen and absurd, and, in the soreness of my wicked pride, believed that Edith was amused at seeing me so tortured, and that as I sank Justin rose in her esteem; but when I was calm enough to reason justly, and could look without letting my eyes get filmed by passion, I knew in my soul that she did not like him, and that she did like me. For one day, when my father was extolling his heir and speaking highly of his intelligence and capacity, she said very frankly:

"All that may be true, Mr. Neville; but I would rather he knew how to ride and shoot and fence, than copy a bit of weed correctly; and surely it is better for a man" (with emphasis) "to be strong and manly than effeminate and accomplished. I must say that I think your son Richard the one to be proudest of,—at least I should think so if I were their father."

I shall never forget my father's scowl when she said this; and even now I hear Justin's little abrupt, nervous laugh, and see my dear mother's quiet face lifted with undisguised satisfaction towards the girl, while Edith sat leaning back in the easy-chair it was her especial fancy to use, working at her needle as quietly as if she had said the most natural thing in the world.

Then the vacation came to an end, and I went back to Cambridge, leaving Edith still at the old Hall. But she told me privately that she would leave the day after I did.

"For," she said, "Richard, your father worries me so with Justin, that it makes me ill. I am sure I should have a fever if I was forced to be with that stupid fellow all day long. When you are gone, all the fun will have gone too; so I shall go home to papa, who will be very glad to have me again."

The separation did not seem half so black after this, and I left home with a heart marvellously light.

CHAPTER II.

"The Hall, Willowsbrook,
"*April* 30, 18—.

"My Beloved Boy,—Not much has happened at home since I last wrote, and but little to amuse you, unless you take the same interest in Fido's puppies or the red cow's calf that you used to have when at school.—You know our way of life, and how quiet we are when we have not your large person to tramp about the house, and your loud voice to make the old echoes alive and merry. Your brother has been taking lessons in the violin, and is, I think, improving in tone and touch; your father has had neuralgia, which makes him low-spirited and uneasy; but we are soon to have an an accession to our home circle which perhaps will help to cheer him, and us all. You remember Edith Lawson? (Oh, mother!) Her father died last week, and by his will your father is left her sole guardian. She is to come to the Hall immediately, your father says, where he intends to keep her for the next two years, at all events,—that is, as long as his power extends over her. You are aware, perhaps, of her age, and that in two years' time she will be twenty one. Your birthdays, you know, are only a month apart. I trust that we shall be able to make the dear child happy; and that when you come home for the summer vacation, you will bring with you a large stock of gayety and good humor, so that you may bear well, for her sake,—and mine too, my boy,—many little annoyances which I know you have to endure. But remember, Richard, dear, manliness is not shown only in strength of muscle or massiveness of frame; a far nobler and truer kind consists in fortitude, and a brave and cheerful manner of bearing whatever trials or troubles are laid upon you. God bless you, my beloved boy. My heart yearns for you; but chiefly yearns for your highest good of soul and mind.

"Your loving mother,
"Helen Neville."

When I went home for the Long, I found Edith much changed. All her old brightness and girlish spirit had faded, and she now seemed almost as cowed as Justin, or as broken as my mother herself. For my father, her guardian,—guardian! Heaven help the poor child, it was rough guardianship he gave her!—had constituted himself as imperatively her master as he was Justin's or mine; not with the same love for her as he had for him, and not with the same dislike as for me; but with the same denial of her individuality. My mother's influence of course went for nothing; she had been unable to protect even herself through all the long hard years of her married slavery. My father's will was of that intense kind found with some narrow brains, where all the force is in depth, and none is left for breadth; and it would have needed a more powerful nature than either Edith's or my mother's to have withstood him. Both had tried, and both had failed. When my mother married, she thought to carry into her new home the frank independence which old Richard Graham had encouraged both in her and in my uncles; but she soon found that she had fallen upon other and more evil days, and that with her girlhood she had put off every vestige of free will, and had henceforth to learn the lesson of subjection and self-suppression. She was wise enough to understand this as inevitable, and brave enough to submit with a good grace, when opposition would have brought nothing but the pain and scars of an unseemly struggle. As for poor Edith, from the first day of her residence at the Hall she was made to understand that she was no longer a guest, but a subject, whose only duty was to receive laws and obey them. And though at first she rebelled, and insisted on the old liberties and pretty wilfulness of her past life, soon, and like the inevitable grasp of an iron vice, my father's hand closed round her too, as round the rest, and before she had been there two months she was conquered, and ceased to struggle. Poor Edith! I could see how much she had suffered in her pale face and listless manners, so unlike what I had known of her before.—But I did not read the whole truth at first, and thought perhaps she was still sad because of her father's death; and yet my heart misgave me, knowing my own home as I did.

The day after my arrival, I went up to her after breakfast, as I had been used to do.

"Edith, shall we ride to-day?" I asked.

For just a moment she looked into my face with something of her old, bright smile; then suddenly turning pale, she answered,

"I must not, Richard," sadly.

"Must not, Edith? What do you mean?"

"Your father has forbidden it," said Edith, looking down.

"Mother, is this real?" I cried, turning to my mother.

"Dearest boy, you know your father," she said very gently.

"But why such an absurd command, mother? Why may not Edith do as she likes? Surely she is her own mistress, and has not to ask any one's leave to take a ride, if she wishes it?"

"Not quite her own mistress yet," said my mother, in the same gentle, straightforward way. My mother was one of those wise women who never salved things over to make them seem better than they were. "She is but nineteen, you know, and left under your father's absolute guardianship for two years—until she is of age indeed. I can tell you nothing more than that he disapproves of horse-exercise for her, and refuses to allow her to ride at all; and Edith knows by now that she must submit, like the rest of us. My pretty birdie, you must make the best of it while it lasts," she added, tenderly, taking Edith's flushed, half-tearful face between her hands, and kissing her fondly. "And you, too, my brave boy; patience, courage, and forbearance."

"Now, then, Richard, what are you idling here for?" cried my father, coming into the room with his little sharp staccato step and shrill voice. "I wish you were more like your brother there. Look at him;—always something useful or improving; while you think only of your own pleasure and self-indulgence. Now, be off, do you hear? and do something!—I don't care what; only do something. Edith, come with me; I want you to try your hand at that currant-bough which Justin has been painting. When you are at fault, he can assist you; for he has made a very careful study of it, and can put you right when you go wrong; he is the best teacher you can have, and one who will supply all your deficiencies." He drew her hand beneath his arm, and led her away pompously; and in my heart suddenly opened a hell, the depths of which I did not care to fathom.

I soon found the meaning of my father's prohibitions to Edith. They extended to the whole circle of my pursuits—to the pleasures we used to have together, and which Justin, by his cowardly nature and effeminate education, was unable to share; but in all which he was enabled to do—drawing, music, and the like—she was coupled, like a beaten child to its tasks. And through the subtle mesmerism in his nature, by which he was able to subdue every one that came in his way, my father got his will of us all; I only attempting to rebel, and making a show of resistance and self-assertion.

"Mother, this kind of thing must not go on!" I exclaimed, when they left the room. "I cannot live here and see that girl reduced to the same miserable state of slavery and dependence that we all suffer from. Something must be done, mother, and I am the one to do it."

"Boy, boy, it is ill work breaking yourself against the rocks," said my mother. "Your father is stronger than you, and not to be turned from his purpose by any amount of railing or despair. Trust to patience and the future, and walk wisely in the present. That is my advice; you will soon learn the value of it."

"But, mother, Edith herself—"

"Poor Edith! I am sorry for her, Richard; grieved, as all women are grieved for each other, and as the saddened elders are grieved to see the sufferings of the young; but I cannot help her. Were I to attempt any thing like open defence of her individual rights, I should only subject her to stricter keeping and perhaps to a little worse usage than she has now. Edith must dree her own weird, as we must all in this world of ours; and, at all events, remember, child, it is not for ever, and in two years' time she will be free. Think of that, and let the thought comfort you."

I saw very little of Edith now, and never alone. After breakfast my father used to take her to his own private room, a little sanctum off the library, where he kept her till luncheon-time, closeted with himself and Justin; the latter occupied in some of the "favorite pursuits" which had been trumpeted through the country with such parade of praise and honor as would have been almost excessive for real genius and renown; while the truth was, that he knew nothing thoroughly, and did nothing well. God help me, but I judge him harshly even in these small matters! But while throwing her with Justin in this manner, my father would not let me exchange a word with her, even in public. If I asked her to play a game of chess with me in the evening, there was a bit of writing for me to do—it was in vain that I wrote my worst hand, and so carelessly that the page was one mass of blots and erasures; my father's patience was proof against these boyish pin-pricks of mine—or, what was worse, he would deny her to me that she might practice a new song with Justin, or play the accompaniment to his wretched diddling. Anyhow, we were not allowed any manner of association whatever, and my only chance of getting a quiet hour with her was on the days when he was obliged to go to the country-town, which sometimes happened, but only too rarely.

One of these opportunities came at last; and when my father drove off in his comfortable phaeton, pale, prim, and severe, I felt a relief I had never known before—as if a terrible spectre, or some nightmare oppression, had been taken from me, and had left the very air brighter and the sun warmer. And by her face I saw that Edith felt the same.

When Justin called her, as usual, to the study, she stood for a moment silent, fixing her eyes on him with such an expression of disdain and malicious triumph as I had never seen in them before.

"I am free for to-day, Justin," she said, scornfully.

"My father said he wished this finished by the time he returned," said Justin nervously, pointing to a flabby, half withered branch of vine-leaves which that poor misguided creature called "a study from nature!"

"I shall not do it," said Edith, tossing up her pretty head.

"But my father?" urged Justin, in a frightened voice.

"Well! and your father?"

"What will you say to him?" said Justin, in the same frightened way.

"What should she say," cried I, "but that she did not wish to do it?"

"Is this your rule of life, Richard?" said Justin, contemptuously.

"My rule of life to follow my own inclinations? Exactly so, my brother," said I.

"I should have guessed so. Self indulgence and headstrong self-will have been your most prominent characteristics ever since you were a boy, and will continue to be so to the end, I suppose."

Justin was fond of a sententious manner of speech.

"As yours have been slavishness and cowardice," said I quite coolly. "Our tastes differ, you see. Come, Edith, let us go into the garden, and have half an hour's liberty for once. No, Justin, you're not coming too—don't think it; you are not wanted by either of us, and if you insult Miss Lawson before me, I will break every bone of your miserable body."

This I remember saying with unmeasured fury, for he has put his nerveless arm round Edith's waist with a sickening familiarity that for the moment maddened me. What I did, I do not quite remember. I only remember tearing him off as if he had been some disgusting reptile; but they told me afterwards that I struck him—Justin always maintained kicked—and I hope I did. He was too weak to come to any hand-to-hand struggle, of course, so slunk away into the house, muttering between his ashen-colored lips the baby menace, "I'll tell my father; see if I don't."

Sufficient for the hour its own evil. My father's return this evening was in some far-off time that seemed like ages to me, while in between lay a span of happy freedom, long enough for the gods to live in—a span wherein Edith and I might forget all the pain of the past, and bask only in the beauty and joy of the present. How happy we were as we wandered about the garden, then across the orchard, and through the home-field where the quiet cows were grazing in the sunshine, their sleek, glossy flanks glowing in the summer heat; then down to the reedy margin of the Willow Brook, and so along the path to the Giant Stepping stones and the deep, still pool beyond, with the broad, bright shadows slanting through the blue water! There, on the very bank where I had hidden in the boyish time when I saw my fairy bird, I nested this still more beautiful bird that had flown across my path—this living human fairy—while I sat at her feet, half leaning, half lying against the moss-covered roots, the water rippling gently to the song of the birds. Farther off, the noisy torrent, fretting against the broken rocks, came with a softened sound, and broke the silence which else might have been too deep and dreary.

I was reading Longfellow to Edith, when we heard a footstep coming up the path, and

in a few moments a gipsy-woman stood in the sunlight before us. Her scarlet cloak was drawn close up to her throat, the hood gathered low on her forehead, concealing all but one long lock of raven hair and a pair of earnest eyes, that seemed to gaze almost sadly at us both. But the skin was so dark, and the face so much in shadow, that I could not read the features clearly; nor indeed was I much minded to study them very closely.

"Have your fortune told, my pretty lady?" she said to Edith, in a sweet but strangely familiar voice, something that I seemed to know and yet could not catalogue.

"Shall I, Richard?" said Edith, half shyly, and yet amused. "It is all nonsense, of course, and yet—"

"And yet it is good to be warned sometimes," said the gipsy.

"And good fun always," said I, who, boy-like, could scarcely be expected to see much moral advantage or wise direction in the mumbling of a Norwood gipsy; "so, Edith, hold out your hand and listen. You don't get a chance of reading the stars every day, and who knows what they may not promise you!"

The gipsy took the girl's hand, and studied the lines carefully.

"I see sorrow and perplexity here," she then said, "and a sad future, unless you are careful, brave, and true. I see fitting fortunes crossed by the unfit, and an evil influence over you for the next two years or more; but I see a brave heart and a loving hand by you, if you know how to value the one and keep fast hold of the other."

"But you have forgotten half your trade," said I. "Is the lady's fitting fortune fair or dark, and of what color is the evil influence?"

"Her fit fortune is dark, my pretty gentleman; black as the night and loyal as the day; black as you, my gentleman; and you look one of our tribe, only darker. Let her beware of the fair man who will seek to win her from her lawful partner. It will be tried, and will succeed, unless she is true to herself, and knows how to trust against appearances."

Edith turned deadly pale; then, crimsoning to the very roots of her hair, she hid her face in both her hands, saying, "How foolish!" as if to herself.

"And mine?" said I, offering my broad palm.

The gipsy looked.

"Much the same as the young lady—your sister's?" she said. "A bright, good fortune if you are true to yourself, and patient, but dashed all to nothing if faithless or unbelieving. Remember the old saying, 'Faint heart never won fair lady,' and 'Those who would wear spurs must win them.'"

The gipsy held up her forefinger with a meaning gesture as she said this; then turning down the path, walked rapidly away. As she disappeared through the trees, her scarlet cloak shining bright and tropical against the dark green of the shadowed leaves, something in her walk and attitude struck me as more than familiar; but I was too much moved to be very careful of identity at that moment.

"Well, Edith, what do you think of the sibyl?" I said, after a short pause.

Edith looked up with the tears in her eyes.

"She was right for me, Richard," she said, sadly. "I have sorrow and perplexity before me,—nothing else. Poor papa could have done me no greater harm than in putting me under Mr. Neville's guardianship. And how to bear this weary life for two long years, Richard! Two years! why they are a century!" she added, clasping her hands with a despairing movement.

"Oh, Edith, can I not shield you?" I said, passionately. "Is there no way of saving you from all this trouble and distress? Indeed, Edith, if I could give you my life I would, to save you from this terrible tyranny of home."

"Dear Richard," said Edith, "you would do all, I know; but you can do nothing. The days of knight-errantry are over, Richard, and I must sit under the shadow of my old Saracen's castle till the spell is accomplished."

"And then, Edith, when you are free?"

"And then, Richard," said she, laying her hands in mine, and looking into my face, "we will not mind what other people say, but will ride, and hunt and shoot, and do all we like; for I shall be of age then, and your father's guardianship will be at an end."

Dear, loving, innocent Edith! I, very nearly as innocent, accepted her picture as the best result of happiness possible to humanity; and the one auspicious moment passed away, never to return. I have often thought of all that might have been, if I had been a year or two more advanced in knowledge of the world, and in knowledge of myself. I knew that I loved Edith; but I had never thought of "making an offer," as an older and more experienced man might have done. We were but boy and girl, sitting in the sunny glade by the quiet pool, and, boy and girl like, took pleasure and our own free will to be the ultimate of happiness. Oh, that I could bring back that one brief chance of joy which Fate offered to me!—that I could again back the living tide, and stand where we did on that cloudless summer day, with the heaven of hope above and the wide field of possibility before! But the moment passed—the tide rolled on, and my small frail bark, freighted with the happiness of two lives, was wrecked forever.

Edith's cool, fresh hands yet lay in mine, and her sweet face, upturned, seemed to promise a continuance forever of youth and love, when little Mary Dane, the farmer's pretty daughter came running down the river-path.

"Oh, please, miss," she said, all out of breath, "Mrs. Neville wants you at once.—Mr. Neville is a-come back, and missus wants you. Will you come with me please, miss? No, not you, Master Richard; missus wants Miss Lawson only."

"Pooh," said I; "Mary, you are a little fool. Stand out of the way, and don't be absurd."

So, very confidently, and feeling that I could face every danger proper to humanity, I drew Edith's arm within my own, and we sauntered slowly up to the Hall. But I could feel by her trembling hand that she was frightened, and dreaded the encounter that was to come.

My father was standing on the top step of the flight leading from the garden-door to the rose-terrace. His hands were thrust deep into his pockets, and he was balancing himself between his heels and his toes in alternate motion, as was his use when tolerably annoyed.

"So," he said, "this is your day's work, Master Richard, is it? Miss Lawson, I am sorry that you have forgotten the obedience and respect due to me; but I will discuss that with you afterwards. Richard, come with me into the library; I wish to speak to you."

He led the way, and I, with an encouraging press of Edith's hand, followed him to the room, the very name of which can make me shudder to this day, I now a gray-bearded man, with the weight of half a century on my heart.

"You have been with Miss Lawson to-day?"

"I have, sir."

"Alone, by the river-side?"

"By the Giant Stepping-stones," said I, with ostentatious accuracy.

"Highly improper, sir; impudent beyond measure in you, and immodest in her," said my father, furiously.

"Father," said I, the devil rising in me, "these are words I cannot allow to be said of Miss Lawson before me."

"Before you, indeed!" sneered my father; "before you! And what have you to do with Miss Edith Lawson, Master Richard Neville? She is nothing to you, fool, that I know of; and if I and Justin choose to blame or praise her, it is of very little consequence what *you* think of the matter."

"The opinion of her friend, perhaps the truest of any she has, must always be of consequence," said I, loftily.

"Come, Richard, it is time to put an end to this folly. I will condescend to explain matters to you, so that you may see your exact position, and not make yourself ridiculous by blundering. Edith Lawson has been left in my absolute power, and I mean to regulate her life for the best advantage to herself and the most exact rendering of her father's will. He, Mr. Lawson, knew of my wish to marry her to Justin, and he left her in my guardianship that I might carry out that wish as soon as convenient. Wherefore I intend to marry her to Justin as soon as her year of mourning is over; perhaps before, if I see fit."

"Edith married to Justin! What are you saying, father? What infamy! what crime! Oh, father, how could such wickedness ever come into your mind? Marry that beautiful girl to such a miserable wretch, such an effeminate hound, as my brother, who cannot say his soul is his own, and dare not defend even what little wretched scrap of manhood he has got!—a thing to be kicked and spurned and knocked out of one's way, and who daren't lift a finger for himself! Father, it is a black crime, and you will have to answer for it to God! It is murder—worse than murder!"

My father's face changed at these words into something scarcely human. Livid with passion, quivering and convulsed, it had scarcely any resemblance with itself, but glared and flickered like the face of a demon. He raised his clenched fist to strike me,—my God, if he had! But perhaps something in my own face checked him; for suddenly his countenance changed, he thrust his hands again into his pockets, balanced himself on his heels, purred softly and laughed beneath his breath, as he said:

"Well, those that win can afford the anger of the losers. Edith is a good little girl on the whole, and will do as she is bid, in spite of her ferocious champion; perhaps, too, because her own inclinations point the same way as my intentions, my Richard. Women of sense always prefer men with brains, no matter what their stature; and you, my good Richard, have only your inches and a coarse kind of muscular strength to recommend you. But you must remember that an Irish navvy surpasses you even in your own trade, and you have nothing more elevated to fall back upon; whereas Justin, now—ah, there is a mind for you, if you like! No, don't scold; and yet you may, if it will give you any satisfaction. Your dear brother will be too happy, with such a nice little wife at his elbow, to grudge you the pleasure of railing—a low-bred pleasure, Richard, by-the-by; but you were never very notorious for refinement in your pleasures or anything else. Now it is all settled; and you understand your position, and every other person's. Not another word about it; not another word, I say. Leave the room, and remember what I have said. And—hi! hi!—Richard, no more lonely summer rambles with your brother's betrothed wife, if you please. For your insolence and insurbordination to me and to that dear brother, we will settle that matter another time. Silence, sir, and begone!"

He took me by the shoulders, and turned me to the door; and I, not yet up to the mark of personal resistance to a father—even such a father as this—obeyed, and left him to his cruel meditations undisturbed.

"My poor boy! it has come, then, at last!" said my mother, folding me in her arms. She had waylaid me on my passage from the library, and by her face I saw that she knew all.

"Mother, mother, come and explain it to me!" I cried, sobbing like a child; "I am bewildered, and cannot understand myself or any one else, I think. Come and tell me what my father means. Is Edith really going to be married to Justin?—that girl to *him!* Oh, mother, it cannot be true!"

"It need not be true, Richard, if you are faithful to each other. Edith does not love Justin; of the two she infinitely prefers you; and it will depend on yourself how far that preference can be made to root down into love," said my mother, soothingly. "You are both very young yet; but there is nothing to prevent your being ultimately happy. I will do all for you that I can, dear; but you know I am not able to do much. Come to my room, and we will talk together. My position is very painful, Richard, my boy, and I must not complicate matters by any open opposition."

And my mother—Richard Graham's proud, brave, independent daughter—and I, who by nature feared nothing, crept silently through the passages of our own home, not to be seen or heard by the husband and the father. To such unutterable degradation had his narrow nature and hard persistent will reduced all his household—even the bravest and the strongest!

CHAPTER III.

Pretty Molly Dane and I were old playfellows. She was the daughter of the farmer who managed the home-farm, and carried the milking-pail sometimes in the old classic way—poised on the top of her head, and upheld by her round red arm. Pretty Molly Dane—Molly Bawn, as I used to call her—had always a strong sisterly regard for me; and, indeed, I often called her my foster-sister, in joke, and insisted that she should call me brother. Very bad, doubtless; wretched taste and low-lived condescension; but I was never good at holding my head high; nor did I belong to the class which counts humanity for nothing, and artificial station for all, in our relations with each other. I got into trouble by my practical democracy, and lived to regret what at the time I believed to be the truest thing and the best.

In the perplexity and despair to which my father's cruel regulations had driven me, unable to exchange a word with Edith, uncertain of the extent of her liking for me, and only plumbing the passion of my own when too late, it occurred to me that perhaps I might make use of Molly Dane's good will, and get her to carry a letter from me to Edith. And not one only, but many, if fate was kind, and the thing turned well. My mother, I knew, would help me if she could; but I did not like to ask her to do what would have brought her into such direct collision with her husband. Her way was too thorny for me to add any trouble of my own to distress her more, and she had already borne a great deal of pain and obloquy for my sake, and because of her special kindness to me—that kindness cutting directly against my father's open preference. So I resolved to make use of little Molly's friendship, and to work my own way, if not in the frankest, yet in the best, manner possible to me.

Singing as she tripped along came pretty Molly, in the moonlight—tripping down the lane that led from the farm to the Hall. It was one of those moonlight summer nights when the shadows lie deep and black along the hedgerows and beneath the trees, deeper and blacker than in the daylight, and there is that intense sense of loneliness which makes one almost believe that all humanity has gone to its endless rest, and we are left sole survivors of our race. It was a night which would have been chosen by conspirators for their plots, and, by criminals for their crimes, but also by lovers for their stolen meetings,—it was so still, so passionate, so instinct with the life and fervid love of nature; and it was the night when I had asked pretty Molly Dane to meet me in the lane by the stile against the old thorn-tree. To her wondering surprise, as I could plainly see, and just a dash of terrified suspicion that I meant something not to be encouraged, and something which an honest country girl had better check at once in the onset; but either girlish curiosity, or maybe her old childlike affection for me, carried it over her fears, and with many a blush and many a sidelong glance of her shy blue eyes she said,

"Yes, Master Richard," tremulously; then curtseyed as demurely as if she had not blushed the moment before. But I could see that she was not quite at her ease, for all the familiar affection between us.

And now down the lane she came, singing as if in light-heartedness and glee, but perhaps in truth to hide her trouble, and give herself confidence. In the selfishness of love, I had not thought how pretty Molly might take my request to meet me at night and alone; for, indeed, any unseemly passage, or flirting, or love-making between us, were as impossible to my mind as if she had been the half sister I always declared she was.

"Ah, Molly, that is good of you," I said, coming down from the style where I had been sitting, waiting for her.

"I wouldn't have done it for any one else, Master Richard," said Molly, trembling, and shrinking back.

"I hope not, Molly," said I gravely. "I should be sorry if I thought you would."

Molly fidgeted with her apron, then curtseyed; for want of something better to do, I suppose.

"Now, Molly," said I, "you must grant me a favor, a very great one, the greatest I could ask of you?"

"What is it, Master Richard?" said Molly, trembling more than ever.

"Will you promise me to do it, Molly?"

"If I can, Master Richard."

"But you can very easily, Molly, dear. It is to take this letter to Miss Dawson. Keep it very safe, and give it to no one in the world but herself, and only to her when she is quite alone; for I love her better than my life, Molly, and they are keeping us apart. Do you understand? Everything depends on her getting this letter soon and safely; for then she will know that I love her, and wish to shield her from ruin. Can I trust you, Mary, dear?—good Molly, my own little Molly Bawn?"

"Oh, Master Richard," said Molly, fetching a very deep breath, and then she began to cry piteously.

I was much distressed, of course, and could not imagine what she cried for, and why she trembled so much, and looked so bitterly forlorn. I was only a strong-limbed, stupid young giant, and could not read women then; indeed I have never been able to read them well, even to this day, partly perhaps because I have never tried.

"Well, Molly," I said, after a short pause, "will you do this for me? But why do you cry, dear? What hurts you in my asking this?"

"Nothing, Master Richard," said Molly, just a trifle sulkily; then ashamed of herself—for she was a good affectionate little girl—she turned frankly to me, laid her hands on my arms, and looked me full in the face—"nothing, Master Richard," she said more decidedly. "I was a bad girl, and a foolish one too; but it is all over now, and I will do my very best for you, my very best, Master Richard; for you and me has always been good friends." This was said in a softer tone than the rest, while a few quiet tears fell gently down her face.

"Dear Molly, you are the best little Molly Bawn in the world, my own good little sister indeed!" and I took her right in my arms, and hugged her to me; and not only hugged her as a bear or brother might have done, but kissed her good little face heartily.

At that moment I fancied I heard a low kind of chuckling laugh issuing from the shadow on the opposite side of the lane; but though my eyes were good, and I looked sharply enough, I could see nothing in the heavy darkness: any one could see us though, for we were standing in the full moonlight. I had not thought of this when I began to talk with Molly. My blood ran cold as I heard this half-stifled chuckle, and though I could find no one under the shadow, yet I felt a strange kind of foreboding, a presentiment that all was lost, and I was only beating against the shore in vain—beating her and myself to pieces against the rocks. However Molly reassured me, by her professions of perfect allegiance, and her kindly little plans of how she would circumvent all the dragons, and get me the golden apple I longed for; and after a little more pleasant talk we parted, she with my letter in her bosom—the letter which was to fix my destiny, and either rescue or wreck two lives forever—the letter which told Edith that I loved her as a brave man should, and asked her to love me in return, to keep her faith true to me for these next two weary years, and then to marry me when she should be of age, and both of us be free. And then I went back to the Hall, hope and life renewed within me.

Early the next morning—I remember quite well where the hands of the clock stood, and that it was just on the stroke of five—my father came into my room. I was still asleep; but he awoke me roughly, and I started up at the first moment bewildered, at the next dismayed.

"Now, Richard," he said, "make haste, and get your things together. The carriage will be at the door in half an hour."

"Why? What am I to do, sir?" I asked, not taking his meaning.

"You are to leave my house, Richard, now and forever," said my father, composedly sitting down on one of the chairs, which he first drew against the door. "It is of no use protesting, questioning or arguing; you must pack up and go. I take no refusals, sir."

"But I refuse," cried I, angrily; "at least until I know the reason."

"So I supposed," said my father quite coolly. "Here, Moss, I want you. Come and pack Master Richard's portmanteau, and be ready by the half-hour. Now, Richard, give your orders, and Moss will obey them."

He opened the door, and the footman came into the room, evidently prepared for his work.

Why linger over the details of that miserable morning? My father, who knew nothing of truth or justice, and whose will was as inexorable as the Fate of olden times, of course held his own; while I, a mere impetuous passionate boy, was powerless in his crafty hands. I felt that a struggle would only involve more humiliation, and that my wisest course was to submit to what I could not avoid; and as I did not choose that the footman should witness a yet more degrading defeat than what I was obliged to undergo, I took my dismissal as calmly as I could, and made it as much a matter of course as was possible to me. At last the moment came. I saw no one; not even my mother, whose door I passed, but was unable to open (my father, who never left my side, quietly laughed as he saw me turn the handle); and before the clock struck six I drove off from the old Hall, my happiness ruined for all my earthly career. My only hope, truly a forlorn one, was that Edith had received my letter, and that I should soon hear from herself that she loved me, and would trust herself to my love and constancy. But her answer never came, and often in my foolish pride and despair I dared to think that she had never cared for me, and that her silence was but a gentle way of denying me. At other, perhaps more rational, moments, I believed that my father or Justin had got hold of the letter, and intercepted it; and that this was in fact the meaning of the whole matter.

I wrote again to Edith; to my mother also; but waited long in vain for their replies, so long that I wrote once, twice, to them both again, beseeching an answer, no matter what, if only they would let me hear from them at all. My mother's silence surprised me the most; perhaps, too, it pained me the most, for I could find no reason for it, while Edith's might be explained, granting that my father and brother were sufficiently iniquitous.

At last a letter came to me from Edith; at least it was in her handwriting, or something that might pass for it, for this was a point that was never cleared up; refusing all further intercourse with me scornfully and cruelly, hinting at some great sin that I had committed, and ending by informing me that she was going to be married to Justin, whose superior worth she had long seen, and whose love she fully returned. By the same post came one also from my mother, a cold, curt notice of my existence, nothing more; speaking of Edith's marriage as of any other ordinary home matter, and concluding with a formal prayer that I should some day see the error of my ways, and be repentant and converted. But the style was not like my mother's, though the handwriting was hers; and I felt convinced that this letter had been dictated to her, and that I was the victim of some fiendish plot, the strands of which my father and brother were holding. On the inside of the cover, written in pencil, and very hurriedly, were these words, "Where is Mary Dane, beloved?"

"Where is Mary Dane?" What had I to do with Mary Dane? How should I know anything about her, and why did my mother ask me, when the girl's own parents on the spot could give the truest answer? Had Mary left home? and if so, why, and how, and with whom? The thing seemed an inexplicable puzzle to me, to which I saw no kind of solution; nor could I imagine why I had been mixed up in the question at all. My life was sufficiently open and undisguised at Cambridge to make it very certain that Mary was not with me; and how could I possibly know of what took place in my absence?

I wrote by that same post to my mother, telling her that I was surprised at her letter, both at its tone and question; that I knew nothing of little Molly, and could not imagine the sin to which she alluded, nor why I should repent now specially, and more than at any other time, or more than every one is bound to repent always, of their life's errors. I also wrote to Mrs. Dane, repeating my mother's question, and asking for an answer; saying that I did not even know Mary had left home, and praying her to write to me and explain the mystery. But neither my mother nor Mrs. Dane answered, and I felt sure then that it was useless to write again; my letters were intercepted, or their replies to me made away with—one or the other. The next week I saw the announcement of Edith's marriage in the *Times*. The post, too, brought me her bridal cards, addressed in my brother's handwriting; and I understood the whole meaning of the irony and insult that little fact conveyed. So now all was over, and I had but to yield to my fate with what courage of despair was left me.

I do not remember how or by what process it came about, but I found myself ten days after this date as a sailor before the mast, working out my passage to Australia. I had no clothes, no money, no outfit of any kind; but there I was on the high seas, a sullen, despairing, half-mad sailor, staggering through my days in a kind of horrible delirium. By degrees I came to my right mind; and by the time we sighted Victoria I was what I am now, a strong, healthy, senseless bit of animal mechanism, with all the heart and soul and life gone out of me for ever.

I wrote home to my mother, telling her where I was, and what I was doing; but still no word of reply. And when weeks had passed into months, and I was left unnoticed in my exile as before, I made no further attempt; for I knew that for all the good they did my mother or me, my letters might be tossed into the sea instead of sent lovingly on their homeward way, to be destroyed by my father at his study fire.

I had been living a strange, rough life, out in the bush chiefly, for about fourteen months, when chance brought me to the town and civilized life again. Entering an hotel, I took up a file of *Times* newspapers, when, casting my eye down the list of advertisements, I saw about midway among the rest the name of my mother, as of the dead—dead to me now for ever; dead without forgiveness, without love, without knowledge, perhaps, of the truth! And yet I wronged her; her mother's heart was too keen in its faithful instincts to doubt me; I knew that she never believed me guilty of the crime which my father and Justin made it appear I had committed; I knew that her love and trust broke through the veil from the first, and that though she could not tell me she believed me, yet she never doubted. I know that now, as surely as I know my own life; for I have seen her dear spirit in my dreams. She has come to me, sad, suppressed, quiet, yet noble ever, and tender as in life; she has whispered to me through the darkness of the night, and told me that she knew me innocent, and never ceased to love me, either in this world of man or in the world of spirits.

That dear mother! and that other beloved form beside her! My time of rest will come too, when my appointed term of trial is done; and then I shall be joined in bonds which can never be broken, and in love that can never grow cold, with the two hearts given to me by God for their happiness and mine,—hearts wrenched asunder by man, reunited by death, the best friend and benefactor of man.

My story is almost over now, and nothing remains but to tell how quickly and sadly the end of all came.

One day, standing down by the quay idly watching an emigrant-ship unlading,—idly in truth,—I saw a bright, good little face, that I thought I knew, gazing curiously at me from among the crowd. It was only the hesitation of a moment; for sorrow and circumstance had not changed her as they had changed me; and when the first instant of doubt had passed away, I knew that it was Mary Dane whose honest eyes met mine with the first look of love and sympathy I had received in the new world, as they had been the last which had met me with tenderness in the old.

"Dear Mary! my good little Mary!" and "Oh, Master Richard, I scarce knew you again!" were the first words exchanged. Then Mary, all in a tremble, began to cry, and to say how much she loved the old family, and how she pitied to see me here in this unsuited dress, so unfit for a gentleman like me, whose own dear mother was a lady, and how sad and changed I was, and, dear, how ever so many years older! I composed her as well as I could,—for, faith, I cared as little then as I do now for dress or look!—and then took her home to my lodgings, such as they were, and told my landlady to take care of her, for she was my foster-sister, and very dear to me, and had no one but myself to look to; for I found she was not married,—as I thought at first she most likely was, and had come out as an emigrant with her husband,—but that she had undertaken all this long journey alone, only to find me, and give me something of importance.

It was a letter from Edith, written a few weeks before her death.

And now I knew all that I had hitherto only guessed at or surmised. In this letter Edith told me that she had been made to believe I had had a base love for poor little Mary; that I had been seen at night with her in the lanes, kissing her, and on terms of familiarity far beyond any possible affection of a wholesome kind; that I had been overheard joking with her about herself, Edith, and boasting that I could make her in love with me at a moment's notice; nay, that I had already done so; adding other unmanly and cowardly things, especially regarding the day down at the Giant Stepping-stones, and all that had happened there; that, in a word, my conduct had been so bad, and so immoral, that I had been sent from home: but, following up my infamy, I had lured Mary from her home also, and henceforth must be considered dead to the world, to the family, and to her, as my father said. My mother was forbidden to write to me, save once—a letter which my father dictated; and then, partly by threats, and partly by importunity, urged, too, by the angry pride they had known so skillfully to arouse, she found herself pledged to a marriage with Justin, and the grave closed over her happiness for ever. But it did not last long. The Order of her Release had come now, she said, and with it had come also the knowledge of the truth. For Mary, who had been taken away secretly by a stranger, and put to a hard close service in London, had at last managed to escape, and had gone home to blow the whole conspiracy of lies and plots to the winds. She had seen Edith, and told her the truth of that evening's meeting with me; told her that on parting with me she had been met by my father and Justin, and that both together had forced my letter from her, preventing all meeting between her and Edith during the next few days,—three, I think,—and on the fourth she had been carried off, as I have said. But it did not signify now whatever was known. The object had been attained, and neither father nor husband cared for more than they had got. My mother, Edith went on to say, had never doubted me. She died with my name on her lips, and her fullest blessing on my head. She had written to me secretly, and knew by the instinct of love that I had written to her; but she knew also that her letters never reached me, and that mine to her were intercepted and denied. The trial was too much for her. My sorrow, her own troubles, and the sight of Edith's daily misery and daily failing killed her. She died, literally broken down by grief; and with her went poor Edith's last support and comfort. And then Edith told me, in words of such solemn tenderness as make a child of me even to this day, that she loved me, and had ever loved me; and died now, still loving me to the end. God bless her! God bless her!

And so passed my youth. I have never heard of, or from, the old Hall since, and do not know if my father or Justin are living or dead. Mary lived out here in service for many years. She would not marry, and never lost sight of me; but when I changed my residence changed hers too, and so always kept within sight and hearing. At last, as time wore on, she came to live with me as a kind of housekeeper; and I owe it to her care and tenderness that I am alive now to tell you this story of my sad youth. Tenderness and care, perhaps unfitly bestowed, save for the satisfaction of her own loving heart. It would have been greater kindness to me to have left me to my fate, and have let me go, ere this, where all I love have gone before.

E. L. L.

NEWS ITEMS.

AN IMPOSTOR.—The Hartford Courant denounces as an imposter the man calling himself "the Rev. Mr. Clark, son of the rebel Governor of Texas, and son-in-law of old Sam Houston," who recently gave a pathetic account of the death of Houston.

THE treaty with the Ottawas, of Kansas, is officially proclaimed. Their relations with the United States as an Indian tribe is to terminate at the expiration of five years, and all of them be deemed and declared full citizens of the United States. Ample provision will be made for their improvement in all that pertains to civilized life, and, as far as possible, for the settlement of their reservation by industrious whites, the lands to be sold to actual settlers at not less than $1,25 per acre.

A BIG SELL.—The dispatch to the newspapers purporting to give an account of the arrival of a fleet of iron-clad ships at Mobile from England, is ridiculed by both the War and Navy Departments. The government is kept fully advised by its agents abroad of the ships that leave Europe for Southern ports, and no fears need be entertained of the arrival in any Confederate port of any vessels of war.

A CAUTION.—A loyal gentleman from one of the Southern states suggests the following caution. Union papers should never publish statements that individuals or classes of persons who are in portions of the so-called Confederate states, not yet permanently occupied by the United States army, are and have been all the time loyal to the Union. To do so is in most cases to consign good men to the tender mercies of Lynch law.

ADMIRALS.—The President has commissioned the following named Captains to be Rear Admirals on the retired list, under the recent act to establish and equalize the grades of line officers of the Navy: Charles Stewart, George C Read, Wm. B. Shubrick, Joseph Smith, George W. Storer, Francis H. Gregory, Ells A. F. Lavallette, Silas H. Stringham, Hiram Paulding. And the following named Captains to be Rear Admirals on the active list: David G. Farragut, L. M. Goldsborough, Samuel F Dupont, A. A. Foote.

NEW ORLEANS SLAVERY.—It appears that many masters who have allowed their slaves to seek safety and protection in the Federal camps, are now endeavoring to reclaim them. This has been stopped by Gen. Butler, who has ordered that all such negroes shall be regarded as emancipated.

LORD PALMERSTON'S SPEECH

On Recognition, Mediation, and Intervention.

The recent speech of the English Premier on Mr. Lindsay's resolution settles all talk of English interference in American affairs for a considerable period. It was as follows:—

Lord Palmerston. I should hope, after the length to which the debate was gone, that the House will not be disposed to come to a division to-night—[cheers]—on the motion of the honorable member for Sunderland. The subject which we have been debating is one of the highest importance, and one also of the most delicate character—[hear, hear.]—and I cannot think that the postponement of the conclusion of this debate till next week can be attended with any beneficial result, either one way or the other. [Cheers.] I confess I regret very much that my honorable friend has thought it his duty to bring the subject under discussion in this House in the present state of things. [Cheers.] There can be but one wish on the part of every man in the country with respect to this war in America, and that is that it should end. [Hear.] I might doubt whether any and which can be satisfactory, or which could lead to an amicable settlement between the two parties, is likely to be accelerated by angry debates in this House—[Cheers.] We have had to-night the American war waged here, in words, by champions on both sides. It is quite true that many things have been said which must be gratifying to the feelings of both parties now fighting in America; but, on the other hand, things have been said in the warmth of debate which must tend to irritate and wound the feelings of both sides, and it is in human nature to think more of things that are offensive, than of things which are gratifying and friendly. I confess, therefore, that I regret that the debate has been brought on, and I should earnestly hope that the House would not agree to the motion of my honorable friend, but would leave it in the hands of the Government, to deal with the future, content as I believe the country is with the manner in which the past has been conducted by them. [Cheers.] I don't ask this upon the ground of confidence in the Government of the day, because I think that whatever party might have the rule in this country—whoever might sit on these benches, it would be wise and expedient in the House to leave a matter of such difficulty, of such delicacy, and of such immense importance in the hands of the responsible Government of the day [hear, hear,] to deal with it according to the varying circumstances of the moment, and not by a resolution to dictate and point out a specific course, and to tie up their hands, thus taking upon the House of Commons the responsibility which ought properly to belong to the Government. [Cheers.] The motion of my honorable friend points to two courses—mediation and acknowledgment. We have heard a very learned and well-argued speech from the right honorable gentleman opposite on the question of acknowledgment. I am not going to dispute that if this country thought it right to take that course we should be perfectly justified in acknowledging the independence of the Southern states, provided only that that independence had been—in the words which he used—"firmly and permanently established." [Hear, hear.] Moreover, I quite concur with him that our acknowledgment of that independence, if we thought right to make it, would be no just cause of war, no just cause of offence on the part of the United States against this country. But the cases which the right honorable gentleman cited—more especially the case of the South American republics—were totally different from that which is now presented to our consideration. [Hear, hear.] The South American republics were not acknowledged till a great many years after they had practically achieved and obtained their independence. That was a war between them and Spain—separated by the wide Atlantic from her revolted subjects—and unable with any degree of power to re-establish her authority over them; and I believe it was nearly fifteen years—certainly a great many years—before their independence was acknowledged. But what was the state of affairs in this case until the uncertain rumors we have received this day? A fortnight ago it was doubtful whether the Confederates or the Federals would be in possession of Richmond. It was but a few days ago that we imagined that the whole course of the Mississippi was in the hands of the Federals—we knew that New Orleans, and possibly Charleston, were in their hands, and, I contend, that up to the present moment, whatever may be the opinion which anybody may entertain of the resolution of this great determined nation of the South to fight to the last for the maintenance of its independence, practically, the contest has not yet assumed that character which would justify this country in assuming that that independence was permanently and fully established. [Cheers.] But, then, many people who talk of acknowledgment seem to imply that that acknowledgment, if made, would establish some different relations between this country and the Southern states. But this is not the case. Acknowledgment would not establish a nation unless it were followed by some direct active interference. [Hear, hear.] Neutrality, as was well observed by the right honorable gentleman opposite, is perfectly compatible with acknowledgment. You may be neutral in a war between two countries whose independence you never called in question. Two long-established countries go to war; you acknowledge the independence of both, but you are not on that account bound to take part in the contest. [Hear.] The right honorable gentleman argued that we had taken a step towards acknowledgment by admitting that the South had belligerent rights, but Vattel and all the best authorities on the law of nations hold that when a civil war breaks out in a country, and is firmly established there other nations have a right to deal with those two parties as belligerents, without acknowledging the independence of the revolted portion of the country. [Hear, hear.] Admitting that the war has been established on such a footing that each party is entitled to be regarded by other countries as belligerents, the mere fact of our having acknowledged that those two parties are belligerents in the international sense of the word does not imply a step towards acknowledging one or other of them as an independent nation. Nobody can be insensible for a moment of the vast importance to this country of a speedy termination of that war. [Hear, hear.] We all know the privations and sufferings which a great portion of our population are enduring in consequence of that unfortunate war; but on the other hand, it has been well put by an honorable gentleman who spoke in this debate, that any attempt to put an end to it by active interference would produce greater evils, greater sufferings, and greater privations to those who interfered. [Hear, hear.] There is no instance, I believe, in the history of the world of a contest such as that which is now going on in America—a contest of such magnitude between two different sections of the same people. The Thirty Years' War in Germany was a joke to it in point of amount and magnitude. It was but the other day that I saw a map sent by the Quartermaster General of the Federal forces on which were marked out the positions of 720 000 Federal troops. We now hear that 300,000 more men are to be called into the field—making 1 000,000 of men on the one side, and probably there is something not much less on the other. Irritation and exasperation on both sides are admitted by all who have taken part in the debate, and is that the moment when it can be thought that a successful offer of mediation could be made to the two parties? [Hear, hear.] My honorable friend said, "I don't care for that; we had better offer mediation and let it be refused, and, if that were followed by acknowledgment, that acknowledgment would ultimately lead to a satisfactory settlement between the two parties." I wish to guard myself against anything in regard to the future. The events of this war have been so contrary to all anticipation, from time to time, that he would be a bold man indeed who should attempt to prophesy from month to month what character the war would assume. [Hear.] I believe the country and this House are of the opinion that the Government has up to the present time pursued a wise and prudent course. [Cheers.] We should be too happy if any opportunity should present itself which would afford us a fair and reasonable prospect that any effort on our part might be conducive to establish peace between these two parties who are carrying on a desolating and afflicting contest, but I think that the House had better leave it to the discretion of the Government to judge of the occasions which may arise, and of the opportunities which may present themselves. [Hear, hear.] It is upon that ground that, without going into any investigation of the rights on either side as to which may be right and which wrong, without expressing any judgment—because I think it is the duty of the Government of this country to abstain from expressing any judgment upon the two parties, I ask the House not to sanction this resolution. If at any time we should be able by friendly offices to contribute to the establishment of peace—it can be only by presenting ourselves in the shape of impartial persons, not tied by opinions either one way or the other, anxious only to promote that settlement between the two which may be consistent with the feelings and interests of both. It is only in that way that we can render any service, and, in order to remain in that position, to enjoy that character, it is necessary that we should avoid pronouncing any judgment or opinion. I therefore do not follow the example of those who have expressed opinions upon the merits of the two parties. I only entreat the House not to adopt the resolution of my Hon. friend [hear, hear,] but to leave to the responsible Government the task of judging what can be done, when it can be done, and how it can be done. [Cheers.]

Mr. S Fitzgerald said that Mr. Lindsay had incurred a great responsibility in bringing on the motion, and if it was persevered with he should support it. The Government were, however, incurring the most serious responsibility from the manner in which they were dealing with this question.

After a few words from Mr. Hopwood, the motion for the anjournment was withdrawn, and Mr. Lindsay withdrew his resolution.

THE REBEL GENERALS.

It is now reported that Beauregard is insane, and is at a watering place in Alabama. Gen. Joe Johnston was wounded by a minie ball at the battle of Seven Pines very severely. The ball passed through the left breast, near the shoulder, going through the body, and running down the spine, lodging and causing a terrible wound. Johnston is now suffering from the wound, and is not expected to recover. Magruder and Hager have both been relieved of command, (doubtful,) and the demigods of the Southern army are Lee, Hill and Jackson. Gen. Lee was the favorite cavalry staff officer of Gen. Scott, who considered him the ablest officer in our army at any one time. He is a distinguished engineer, and, from this fact alone, it has been thought he would never be great as a general. General Hill was unknown previous to the breaking out of the rebellion. He was for some years superintendent of the State Military Academy of North Carolina, and has always been very successful in the management of his division.

General Thomas Jefferson (Stonewall) Jackson was a classmate of McClellan at West Point, and commanded a regiment of volunteers in the Mexican war with credit. After the war he accepted the portfolio of professor at the Virginia Military Institute at Lexington, around which place he recruited many of his troops. He is younger even than McClellan, and, in consequence of his youth, has not been made a full Major General, although he commands over thirty thousand men.

IMPORTANT ORDER.—A recent army order says:—

II. A large number of volunteers are absent from their regiment, who are now fit for duty. To enable them to return, the Governors of states are authorized to give them certificates or passes, which will entitle them to transportation to the station of the nearest United States mustering officer or quartermaster, who will pay the cost of transportation on such certificate or pass, and provide transportation for the soldier to his regiment or station.

No more furloughs will be granted to paroled prisoners. All furloughs heretofore given to them are hereby revoked; and all prisoners now at large on their parole, or who may hereafter be paroled by the rebel authorities, will immediately repair, if belonging to regiments raised in the New England and Middle States, to the camp of instruction established near Annapolis, Md.; if belonging to regiments raised in the States of Virginia, Tennessee, Kentucky, Ohio, Indiana and Michigan, to Camp Chase, near Columbus, Ohio; if belonging to regiments raised in the States of Illinois, Wisconsin, Minnesota, Iowa, and Missouri, to the camp near Jefferson barracks, Mo., and report for such duty, compatible with their parole, as may be assigned to them by ten officers in command of said camps. *And all, whether officers or soldiers, who fail to comply with this order, within the space of time necessary for them to do so,* will be accounted *deserters*, and dealt with accordingly.

IV. The transportation necessary to a compliance with this order, can, on application, be procured from the Governors of the several states, or from the United States mustering or commanding officers in the various cities within them.

GOV. SPRAGUE'S POSITION.—In a recent letter addressed to Joseph Fell, of Buckingham, Gov. Sprague, of Rhode Island, who has just been elected to represent that state in the National Senate, expresses the following sentiments:

"I occupy a position independent of all parties or cliques. I take ground, first, to pursue that course which will most effectually reduce the rebellious states to subjection to and respect for the flag; second, that will forever, so far as human wisdom can calculate, prevent like occurrences from like causes. When the first of these propositions is fully established then will I be glad to use all the means and whatever ability God has given me to establish the second.

"Respectfully yours,

"WILLIAM SPRAGUE."

THE German general Blucher was called "Marshal Forward" by his troops, because his constant reply, when orders were asked of him, was "Forward!"

THE EXTENT OF THE CHANGE.

Crossing yesterday the threshold of a palatial jewelry store in Chestnut street, we observed at the counter a man accompanied by an overdressed female, paying for a thousand dollar set of diamonds he had then purchased. The buyer of the glittering trinkets, less than a year ago, had as little prospect of owning a thousand dollar set of diamonds as of inheriting the fee simple of all Golconda. The gems were duly disposed upon the person of his companion, and consigning the empty casket to his pocket, the parties walked out.

"How is trade?" we asked of the proprietor, as he led us back into the store, beaming with smiles.

"Trade," said he, "with us was never better—rarely so good."

We marvelled. He called our attention to his long row of show-cases, in which the stock was manifestly meagre, and from which very many costly gems that we had known by sight had now disappeared.

"A year ago," said the dealer in jewels, "our stock was so large that we trembled to look at it. We had sets of diamonds, pearls, opals, rubies and emeralds costing us large sums, whose sale we looked upon as hopeless until national order was restored. Now they are nearly all gone. We have sold six sets to-day, and $1 000 was the lowest priced one among them all."

"And the buyers?"

"The buyers are all, or nearly all, new faces. Our old customers we scarcely ever see, except they come for some trifling purchase, or bring their watches to be put in order. So far from buying from us, they often come with request for the purchase back of gems bought from us years before."

"Who are your present best customers?" we asked.

"Just such persons as those you passed on entering the door. Army speculators and contractors are now spending the money. It comes easily; it departs upon wings equally rapid. Contractors indirectly, oftentimes, pay for their contracts."

"Pay for their contracts?" we asked.

"Not always directly, but generally by a present other than money. By grateful contractors who desire to exhibit their sense of obligation to the friends who influence the contracts, the most liberal purchases of jewelry are made. In good times we had many customers who spent at a time as little as three, five, or ten dollars. We rarely sell a customer now less than a fifty dollar diamond or set of jewelry."

We bowed our thanks for the manifestly veritable information, and walked away in a brown study. The reader will follow copy, or otherwise, as best pleases him.—*Philadelphia North American.*

THE POSTAGE STAMP CURRENCY.—The Postmaster General and the Commissioner of Internal Revenue have approved of the specimens for the postage-stamp currency, which will be 5, 10, 25 and 50 cents. The designs embrace the present 5 and 10 cent postage stamps, tastefully arranged in such a way that they cannot be separated and used for postage. They will bear on their face the following inscription: "Postage stamps furnished by the Assistant Treasurers and designated depositories of the United States, receivable for postage stamps at any post office." Upon the back will be a large sized figure denoting the denomination, with these words: "Exchangeable for United States notes by any Assistant Treasurer or designated depository in sums not less than five dollars—receivable in payment of all dues to the United States less than five dollars. Act approved July 17, 1862." They will be printed on bank-note paper of different sizes, averaging about one-fifth the size of the United States notes, and be furnished in sheets about the middle of August.

A MITTEN.—The New-Albany (Indiana) Ledger is responsible for the following:—

"A soldier in one of our hospitals received the following epistle from his 'lady love,' which we pronounce decidedly cool and practical:

"Kind Sir: I received your letter—glad to hear from you. We have been corresponding for some time to each other. Now we must quit our corresponding to each other, as I have placed my affections on one I waxent dreaming of, and soon will be joined in wedlock. I shall have to say farewell to you, A———. As there was not any promise between you and I, I feel at Liberty. I would just say to you that I was afraid that you would never come back, you are way down South exposed to death, Diseases, and a smashing of your teeth out on them hard crackers. I leave the subject with you, A———. Write and tell me what you thought when you received this letter.

"'NANCY ———.'"

"A." assures his sympathizing friends that his case is not likely to prove fatal.

THE NEWS THEY RECEIVED.—The London secession journals were kept delighted a day or two, with intelligence paraded in their columns, under startling heads, of the surrender of McClellan to Beauregard, he having taken refuge from his pursuers on board the Galena, and that the rebel Gen. Price, who is in Arkansas, (!) was between the Union army and Fortress Monroe, ready to cut off their retreat. The satisfaction which this news produced to that infatuated clique, was considerably lessened a day or two after, when the full details of the retreat showed that it had wound up with the battle of Malvern Hills, in which the rebels were so terribly cut up. Their joy diminished rapidly. The Army and Navy Gazette, which looks at the news in a military point of view, says the whole position of McClellan before Richmond was radically weak, and all that surprises one is that his army was not completely destroyed, when right, centre, and left were broken and driven together. That circumstance alone shows that the Federals fought well.

INDIANA DEMOCRATIC CONVENTION.—This Convention was held at Indianapolis on the 30th.

From three to five thousand persons were present. Thomas A. Hendricks, of Indianapolis, presided; Thomas Lucas acted as Vice President, and J. J. Bingham, editor of the Sentinel, Secretary. A Committee of one from each Congressional district was appointed on resolutions.

Gov. Wickliffe made a speech. He said he was for the Union provided that the rights of the South and slavery are not interfered with. Before doing anything more he would pause to see what we were fighting for. If to free the negroes, let not another drop of blood be shed. He would hang the leading rebels and balance the rope with the Abolitionists. He said the Abolitionists control every department of the Government, and were worse than the rebels.

Messrs. Richardson, of Illinois, Carlile, of Virginia, Voorhees, and others, were present.

AT the mass meeting at Morrisville, Madison county, New York, Hon. Gerrit Smith presented his check for five thousand dollars to the new regiment now being raised in the Twenty-third Senate district. This is, we believe, the largest individual contribution for the aid of the new regiments.—*Syracuse Journal.*

PLENTY.—In the midst of the gloom of our national troubles, a kind Providence has vouchsafed to us an abundance of all the necessaries of life. From all the loyal states comes news of the most abundant crops.—The wheat crop has been safely harvested, and was never better, take the country through. Corn is promising finely; and of fruits there never was a better prospect.—Prices are reasonable—not too low for the producer, nor too high for the consumer. What great reason we have for thankfulness for all this. While those who brought this war upon the country for the purpose of overthrowing and destroying the Government, are compelled to pay the exorbitant prices for the actual necessaries of life, and in many cases are suffering for want of food, while their country is desolated and the business of their towns and cities destroyed, we, who are laboring and fighting for the maintenance of our Government, are blessed with the greatest abundance of everything, our fields are richly laden with bounteous crops, and the business of our towns and cities scarcely feels, as yet, any inconvenience from the war. Is there not something more than *accident* in all this? Is not the same beneficent hand that strengthened and guided the patriot fathers in the establishment of this Government, now bestowing its blessings on those who are striving to maintain it?—*Chicago Gazette.*

ATTACK ON GEN. MCCLELLAN'S CAMP.—About twelve o'clock on Thursday night, (July 31st,) the rebels opened with two light batteries from the opposite side of the James river. They had it all their own way for some time, as the Union troops did not anticipate any attack of this kind. The batteries were soon silenced by the 32-pounders stationed near the headquarters of Col. Ingalls. The fire of the rebels was mainly directed to the shipping, the mail boat landing and the encampments near Westover. Four men of the Union army were killed and five or six wounded. Several horses were killed. No other casualties reported.

WEEKLY REVIEW OF THE PHILADELPHIA MARKETS.

FLOUR AND MEAL—The market is firm, some 6@7000 barrels, mostly taken for export, at $4,87½@5 for superfine, $5,25@5,50 for extra, $5,12½@5,75 for northwestern and good Ohio extra family, and $6 for fancy brands. The sales to the trade have been limited within the above range of prices for superfine and extras, and from $6,50 to $7 ₱ barrel for high grade fancies, as in quality. Rye flour is very scarce, with small receipts and sales at $3,87½@3,50 ₱ barrel, the latter for fresh ground. Corn Meal comes in slowly, and fresh ground Pennsylvania is wanted at an advance, with sales of 4@500 barrels to note at $3 ₱ barrel.

GRAIN comes in slowly, and Wheat has been in fair demand at fully former rates, with sales of 40,000 bus to note, in lots, at 127@128c for reds, the latter for prime new Penna and Delaware, and 125@145c for inferior to good and prime white—the latter for Kentucky. Rye is better, and Pa has been taken on arrival at 75@80c. Corn has improved, and about 25,000 bus yellow have been disposed of at 63@65c, closing at 64c in store and afloat. Oats are more inquired for, and old Penn's have been selling to the extent of 33@35,000 bus, mostly at 44c for 32 lbs, and some old Delaware at 42c. New southern are beginning to arrive; they are very light, and sales are reported at 33@37c, measure. Barley and Malt remain quiet. A sale of the latter was made at 93½c.

PROVISIONS—The demand for bbld Meats is better, and the sales small at $11@11¾ for Mess Pork and $12@15 for Western and city packed Mess Beef. Bacon is also steady, and the sales mostly confined to Hams at 7@9c, as in quality, the latter for fancy cured; Shoulders at 4@4½c, and Sides at 5@5½c, the latter to go South. Of green Meats the sales are fair, including Hams in salt and pickle at 5½@7c; Shoulders in salt at 3½@4c, and Sides at 5@5½c. Lard is better, and more active, with sales of 2500 pkgs at 9@9½c for prime Western, in tes and bbls, and 9¾@9¾c for kegs, mostly cash. Butter remains unchanged, packed selling slowly at 9@12c. Cheese is quiet at 7¾@8½c, and Eggs rather lower, with sales at 11@11½c ₱ dozen.

COTTON—The demand is limited, and only about 900 bales have been disposed of at 44@48c cash, the latter for middling quality. The stock is very light.

ASHES continue scarce and on the advance, with a small business doing in the way of sales.

BARK—The want of freight room limits the operations in Quercitron, and 1st No 1 is quiet but steady at $35 ₱ ton. Of Tanners' Bark sales are making at $14 ₱ cord for Spanish Oak.

BEESWAX is scarce and good yellow sells at 35c ₱ lb.

COAL—There has been a good demand for Anthracite, and holders are asking an advance owing to the increase in the rate of freight and toll of 30c ₱ ton. Good quality white is now generally held at $4,75, and Red Ash at $5 ₱ ton, delivered on board, at Richmond.

COFFEE—The stock of all kinds is very much reduced and prices are ¼@½c better, with sales of some 1500 bags to note in small lots, part to come from another market, at 31½@32c for Rio, and 23½@24c for Laguayra, cash and time.

COPPER is firm but not very active at the advance noticed last week.

FEATHERS continue scarce and the sales limited at 38@40c ₱ lb, the latter in a small way.

FRUIT—Green Fruit is coming in more freely, and commands fair prices.

HAY is unchanged, and Timothy is selling as wanted at 55@75c the 100 lbs for new and old.

HEMP is quiet, and we hear of no further sales this week.

HOPS are selling in a small way at 18@20c ₱ lb for 1st sort Eastern and Western.

IRON—The demands of holders limits operations, but some 5000 tons Anthracite, mostly No 1, have been taken at $24, on time. Scotch Pig is quiet at the advance. In manufactured Iron the demand is good.

LEAD is less firm, with further small sales of Galena at 7c ₱ lb, cash. About 17,000 lbs, in small pigs, was sold at auction by the U. S. Marshal at 6¼c, cash, in gold.

LUMBER—There is a steady demand for Laths, with further cargo sales at $1,25 ₱ M. White Pine Boards sell at $14@16 for cullings, and Yellow Sap at $13@14 ₱ M.

MOLASSES is firm but inactive, with sales of 600 hhds, including Muscovado, at 28@33c, and clayed Cuba at 36c, on the usual terms. 198 bbls New Orleans sold by auction at 37@42c, cash.

PLASTER is better, with further sales at $2,50@2,75 ₱ ton, the latter for soft, which is an advance.

RICE is firm, with further sales of East India at 6@6¼c ₱ lb.

SEEDS are quiet; there is very little Clover-seed offering, and sales are reported at $5,25 ₱ bus and at 6c ₱ lb, the latter from second hands. Timothy is held at $2 ₱ bus, but we hear of no sales; of Flaxseed there is none here, and the crushers are offering $1,85@1,85 ₱ bus for the new crop, to arrive. Red top is inquired for to go east, and a few small lots have been taken at $2,50 ₱ sack.

SPIRITS—Brandy and Gin are firm but quiet, and holders not very anxious to sell. N. E. Rum moves off as wanted at 45@50c. Whiskey is dull, barrels selling slowly at 30@31c; bbls 30c, and Drudge at 29c.

SUGARS—The market is firm and moderately active at fully former rates, with sales of some 1800 hhds to note, including Cuba at 8¾@9¼c; Porto Rico at 9¾@10¼c, all on time.

TALLOW is scarce, with sales of rendered, mostly country, at 10¾@10¾c.

TOBACCO—The market for both leaf and manufactured is quiet, and the latter scarce and high.

WOOL—The market continues active at the advance, with sales of 300,000 lbs to note in lots at 53@56c for fine, and 55@57c for tub, net cash, including a choice lot of old wool at 60c.

PHILADELPHIA CATTLE MARKETS.

The supply of Beef Cattle during the past week amounted to about 1732 head. The prices realized were from $7¾ to 8¾ ₱ cwt. 100 Cows brought from $15 to 28 ₱ head. 8200 Sheep were sold at from $2,50 to 4,00 ₱ head. 500 Hogs sold at $4,00 to 4,50 ₱ cwt.

HALLECK'S POSITION.—The Cincinnati delegation called on Gen. Halleck to-night, and had an important interview. He said that he had always been in favor of using negroes within the lines, and of confiscating the slaves and personal property of the rebels. Already had instructions been given to the commander of the army of the Potomac to employ all slaves and compensate those who had been free, but in any event to use them all.—*Washington Corres of Philada Press*

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

May be obtained weekly at the Periodical Depots of

H. DEXTER, 113 Nassau St., N. Y.
SINCLAIR TOUSEY, No. 121 Nassau St., N. Y.
HENRY TAYLOR, 8nn Iron Building, Baltimore.
A. WILLIAMS & CO., 100 Washington St., Boston.
HENRY MINER, Nos. 71 & 73 Fifth St., Pittsburg.
JOHN P. HUNT, Masonic Hall, Pittsburg.
GEORGE N. LEWIS, 28 West Sixth St., Cincinnati.
A. GUNTER, No. 99 Third St., Louisville, Ky.
JOHN R. WALSH, Chicago, Illinois.
McNALLY & CO., Chicago, Illinois.
JAMES M. CRAWFORD, St. Louis, Missouri.

Periodical Dealers generally throughout the United States have it for sale.

MARRIAGES.

☞ Marriage notices must always be accompanied by a responsible name.

On the 28th ultimo, by the Rev. Thos. G. Allen, Mr. JACOB YALES, to MISS SARAH GRAHAM.

On the 27th of July, 1862, by John G. Wilson, V. D. M., Mr. BENJAMIN KEYSER, to Miss MARGARET WOOLLEY, both of this city.

On the 24th ultimo, by the Rev. James Hand, Mr. JOSEPH H. THOMPSON, to Miss MARY S. PERKMEN, both of this city.

On the 10th ultimo, by the Rev. W. J. Mann, Mr. CHARLES WALL, to KATE WEBER, both of this city.

On the 24th ultimo, by the Rev. Burton J. Kollock, Mr. JOHN S. ROBERTS, to Miss MARTHA L. HENDRICKS, both of this city.

On the 18th ultimo, by the Rev. Mr. Robinson, A. J. WOODRUFF, to Miss MOLLIE SOUDER, daughter of Jacob Souder, Esq. both of this city.

On the 28th ultimo, by the Rev. Mr. Dunn, Mr. JOHN MCBRIDE, to Miss MARY LEO, both of this city.

On the 24th of June, 1862, by John G. Wilson, V. D. M., Mr. JOSEPH SCHAFFER, to Miss JULIET GILBERT, both of this city.

DEATHS.

☞ Notices of Deaths must always be accompanied by a responsible name.

On the 29th ultimo, MAURICE S. ALEXANDER, in his 53d year.

On the 29th ultimo, LATITIA CLARK, wife of John Curry.

On the 29th ultimo, Mr. JACOB BOCKIUS, in his 68th year.

On the 27th ultimo, Mrs. E. FARON MARKLEY, wife of Edward C. Markley, Sr.

On the 26th ultimo, Mrs. SOPHIA HARDY, aged 44 years.

On the 25th ultimo, Mrs. SARAH FREAS, in her 83d year.

On the 27th ultimo, ELIZABETH GOODMAN, aged 84 years.

On the 26th ultimo, Mrs. JULIA MADDEN, aged 60 years.

On the 28th ultimo, Mr. BARTHOLOMEW BUSSER, in his 50th year.

On the 28th ultimo, WILLIAM HAYMAN, in his 55th year.

On the 28th ultimo, Mr. SAMUEL T. COMINGS, in his 53d year.

BANK NOTE LIST.

CORRECTED FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST, BY WITHERS & PETERSON, BANKERS, No 39 South Third Street.

Philadelphia, August 2, 1862.

Alabama	50 dis.	Missouri	3 to 50 dis.
Canada	¼ par	Nebraska	—
Connecticut	¼ dis.	New Brunswick	10 dis.
Delaware	par	New Hampshire	¼ dis.
Dist. of Columbia	¼ dis.	New Jersey	par to ¼ dis.
Florida	— dis.	N. Y. City	¼ dis.
Georgia	50 dis.	New York State	¼ dis.
Illinois	3 to 10 dis.	North Carolina	50 dis.
Indiana	1 to 5 dis.	Nova Scotia	10 dis.
Iowa	1 dis.	Ohio	¼ dis.
Kansas	—	Pennsylvania	par to ¼ dis.
Kentucky	2 dis.	Rhode Island	¼ dis.
Louisiana	40 dis.	South Carolina	50 dis.
Maine	¼ dis.	Tennessee	50 dis.
Maryland	1 to 1½ dis.	Texas	—
Massachusetts	¼ dis.	Vermont	¼ dis.
Michigan	1½ dis.	Virginia	4 to 40 dis.
Minnesota	—	Wisconsin	2 to 35 dis.
Mississippi	—		

Palmer's PATENT LEG & ARM, 1509 and 376 CHESTNUT ST. PHILADELPHIA.

B. FRANK PALMER,

SURGEON ARTIST TO THE MEDICAL COLLEGES AND HOSPITALS; AUTHOR OF NEW RULES FOR AMPUTATIONS; INVENTOR OF THE "PALMER ARM," LEG &c., has removed to

THE STONE EDIFICE,

No. 1609 Chestnut St., Philad'a.—1609.

THREE SQUARES WEST OF THE OLD STAND.

This Establishment, erected at great expense, for the business, combines every possible comfort and facility for Surgico-Artistic operations.

The Proprietor will devote his personal attention to the Profession at this House, and construct the "PALMER LIMBS" (under the New Patents), in *unexampled perfection. Thousands of these Limbs* are worn (though few are supposed), and a galaxy of *gold and silver medals* (50 "First Prizes" won, over all competition, in the principal cities of the world), attests the public value of these inventions. *All genuine "Palmer Limbs" have the name of the inventor affixed.*

Pamphlets, which contain the *New Rules for Amputations*, and full information for *persons in want of limbs*, sent free to applicants, by mail or otherwise.

The attention of Surgeons, Physicians, and all persons interested, is most respectfully solicited.

All former partnerships have expired by limitation. Address

B. FRANK PALMER, Surgeon-Artist,
oc16-1y 1609 Chestnut St., Phila.

AGENTS WANTED AT ONCE

FOR

A COMPLETE HISTORY

OF THE

REBELLION.

To be issued by the AUBURN PUBLISHING CO. Prospectus and descriptive Circulars sent free to those who write to

E. G. STORKE, Auburn, N. Y.

DO YOU WANT LUXURIANT WHISKERS OR MUSTACHES?—My ONGUENT will force them to grow heavily in six weeks (upon the smoothest face) without stain or injury to the skin. Price $1—sent by mail, post free, to any address, on receipt of an order.

R. G. GRAHAM,
109 Nassau St., New York.

"THE CONFESSIONS AND EXPERIENCE OF AN INVALID."—Published for the benefit and as a warning and a caution to young men who suffer from Nervous Debility, Premature Decay, &c.; supplying at the same time the means of Self Cure. By one who has cured himself after being put to great expense through medical imposition and quackery. By enclosing a post paid addressed envelope, *single copies* may be had of the author,

NATHANIEL MAYFAIR, Esq.,
ap19-tf Bedford, Kings Co., N. Y

RATES OF ADVERTISING.

Thirty cents a line for each insertion.

☞ Payment is required in advance.

WITHERS & PETERSON
39 SOUTH THIRD ST., PHILADA.
STOCK AND EXCHANGE
BROKERS.

STOCKS, BONDS, &c., Bought and Sold at Board of Brokers and privately.

7 3-10 TREASURY NOTES constantly on hand, and will be sold at lowest rates.

All orders for GOVERNMENT SECURITIES promptly attended to.

UNCURRENT MONEY Bought and Sold.

Collection of NOTES, DRAFTS, &c., made in all the Loyal States and Canada.

DRAFTS furnished on all accessible points.
ap26-1y

PHILADELPHIA
PAPER HANGINGS.
HOWELL & BOURKE,
CORNER OF
FOURTH AND MARKET STREETS,
MANUFACTURERS
OF
PAPER HANGINGS
AND
WINDOW CURTAIN PAPERS,

Offer to the trade a LARGE AND ELEGANT ASSORTMENT OF GOODS, from the cheapest Brown Stock to the Finest Decorations; and put on in city and country by careful men.

N. E. COR. FOURTH AND MARKET STS., Philadelphia. jly5-3t

GROVER & BAKER'S
FAMILY SEWING MACHINES.
PARTICULAR ATTENTION

Is called to the fact that, besides the machines making our celebrated stitch, we manufacture, in great variety of styles, superior

FAMILY LOCK STITCH MACHINES.

The peculiarities of each stitch will be cheerfully shown and explained to purchasers; and they have the great advantage of being able to select from our stock either a machine making the

GROVER & BAKER STITCH,
Or one making the
LOCK-STITCH,

The only valuable Sewing Machine stitches in practical use

☞ PRICES FROM $40 UPWARDS.
GROVER & BAKER S. M. CO.,
je21-3t 730 Chestnut St., Philadelphia.

GENUINE HAVANA CIGARS,

Of all flavors, as follows:

CABANAS, at $9 ₱ 100.
LA RITICA, at $8 ₱ 100.
LA HIGUENAS, at $5 ₱ 100.
LA EMPRESSA at $3 ₱ 100.

COLD, SPARKLING

SODA WATER,

Drawn from a large, Silver Fountain, at 3 cents per glass, at KOLLOCK'S New Drug Store, Corner of Broad and Chestnut Sts., Philada. dec21-1y

COUGHS, COLDS, CONSUMPTION, ASTHMA, BRONCHITIS, &c.

DR. D. JAYNE'S EXPECTORANT has been for thirty years the standard remedy.

RECENT COUGHS, and COLDS, PLEURITIC PAINS, etc., are quickly and effectually cured by its diaphoretic, soothing and expectorant power.

ASTHMA it always cures. It overcomes the spasmodic contraction of the air vessels, and by producing free expectoration, at once removes all difficulty of breathing.

BRONCHITIS readily yields to the Expectorant. It subdues the inflammation which extends through the wind tubes, produces free expectoration, and suppresses at once the cough and pain.

CONSUMPTION.—For this insidious and fatal disease no remedy on earth has ever been found so effectual. It subdues the inflammation, relieves the cough and pain, and removes the difficulty of breathing, and produces an easy expectoration, whereby all irritating and obstructing matters are removed from the lungs.

WHOOPING COUGH is promptly relieved by this Expectorant. It shortens the duration of the disease one-half, and greatly alliviates the sufferings of the patient.

In all PULMONARY COMPLAINTS, in CROUP, PLEURISY, etc., it will be found to be prompt, safe, pleasant and reliable.

This Expectorant is prepared only at 242 CHESTNUT Street, and for sale by Druggists generally. mar 3-1y

PILES CURED BY BRANDRETH'S PILLS

DR. B. BRANDRETH,—Dear Sir:—I was suffering for many years from hereditary hemorrhoidal affections, of which I had the first attack in 1840, since that time I was regularly visited with such complaints every spring. I felt in the morning a most severe pain in the back, as if the lower joints of the spine were broken or bruised, and an asthmatic pressure on the chest. Owing to my occupation which keeps me all day busy out of doors, and entirely distrusting any so-called "regular treatment" that would have confined me to my house, I thought of following a plan of my own, which might cure me without the inconvenience to my business attending the treatment of a "regular practitioner." So I put an Allcock's Plaster right over the groin renewing it every fortnight; every Saturday night I took a dose of Brandreth's Pills, three or four, as I thought necessary to a dose, which operated on me after getting up, three to five times in the forenoon; on Sunday, Tuesday, and Thursday nights I took one Life Addition pill, which produced one large evacuation. I pursued this course for six weeks, and could attend to my business without interruption: I worked, ate and drank as I was wont, slept most soundly and awaked every day with less pain, and now I know nothing of the complaint at all, so that I feel obliged to make you this statement for proper use, hoping that this simple proceeding may benefit many as it has done me.

I am, dear sir, yours most respectfully,
A. LEHMAN.

LA CRONICA Office 55 Franklin St., N. York.

All inquiries immediately answered by addressing DR. BRANDRETH, New York.

BRANDRETH'S PILLS are sold at the PRINCIPAL OFFICE 294 CANAL ST., and 4 UNION SQUARE, New York.

Obtain your first supply from one of these depots or from one of the regular advertised agents for the GENUINE BRANDRETH'S PILLS; you will then know how to discern between the true and the false.

Price 25 cents each. Sold by MRS. SHAEFFER, No. 14 North Eighth street, Philadelphia; by T. W. DYOTT & SONS, No. 232 North Second street, Philadelphia, and by all respectable dealers in medicines. jy26-2teow

EMPLOYMENT!—Agents wanted in every County, to sell the best (two-threaded) Sewing Machine ever offered to the public. Liberal salary, or commission allowed, with expenses.—Circular sent, by addressing with stamp.

ISAAC HALE, Jr. & CO.,
aug2-6t Newburyport, Mass.

Wit and Humor.

PERSONAL HABITS OF GREAT MEN.

Several paragraphs have been going the rounds in relation to the habits of great men, which paragraphs, as usual are all wrong, inasmuch as we have had the pleasure of dining and hobnobbing with all the great men of this and every other country on the face of the globe; a few illustrations will prove this to the satisfaction of every body.

—Mr. Seward generally rises from his bed in the morning about the time he gets up. He rarely if ever eats his breakfast before he gets it. He is not particular what kind of food he has, if he is provided with what he calls for. In his dress he is plain—never appearing in public without his pantaloons. He never wears his vest outside of his coat. He speaks his native dialect without a foreign accent, and uses his tongue in all that he utters. When he walks he uses his feet which are encased in boots or shoes. As an evidence of the methodical precision with which he attends to business, it is only necessary to allude to the fact that he invariably draws his salary the moment it is due. His memory in this respect is prodigious. He generally writes his letters on paper, and uses a pen, which at intervals, he dips into a stand of ink, that he keeps upon his table.

—Horace Greeley is said to be the beau ideal of a man of style. He dresses neatly and elegantly. His linen is faultless. Sometime since he shaved, which operation has materially altered his appearance. His walk is firm and dignified, like that of a soldier. From the fact that all through his life he has kept his arms well shouldered, it is possible that nature intended him for the infantry. His voice is peculiarly sweet, and when he whispers, one would almost imagine his words were the echoes of an Æolean harp. Somewhat inclined to obesity of late years, he still maintains his reputation as a bean. He reads from right to left, contrary to the practice of his friend, Mr. Bennett, who, owing to a visual obliquity, reads from left to right—Mr. Greeley dines on vegetable soup and table beer. He never drinks porter. His hearty Sunday dinners are of crackers and cheese. He retires to bed at an early hour, and almost immediately composes himself to sleep with a copy of the Tribune. His editorials are invariably short (never exceeding four columns each), pithy and devoid of verbiage.

—General McClellan will, should he increase in flesh, be more inclined to corpulency. His age is at present, somewhat greater in years than when he graduated at West Point. In disposition he is jocular, when in a joking humor, and exceedingly reticent, when he says nothing, which latter fact is amply proved by the brevity and unsatisfactory nature of his dispatches after they have passed through the War Office. As a General he is cautious—particularly so when he is careful. He makes all his advances by going forward, but never adopts the same method in retreating. In his diet, he is particularly abstemious when there is nothing to eat, and *vice versa*. He is extremely approachable when you get near him, otherwise you will be apt to keep your distance. He does not exercise his troops with a two inch drill, nor does he bore his friends in conversation with an auger.—*N. Y. Monitor.*

DIDN'T LIKE THE SUBJECT.

Mr. Steele was putting up a splendid suit of apartments. One of the largest of them was to be devoted to public lectures, and he was very solicitous that it should be so constructed as to be favorable for the transmission of sound. He was very slack in paying his workmen; and one day, when he was quite behindhand in this matter, he came suddenly into the midst of them to see what progress they were making. They were at work on the lecture-room, and he told the boss carpenter to stand on the rostrum and make a speech, so that he might judge of the effect of sound in the house. The carpenter took the stand, but commenced scratching his head instead of speaking, and was obliged to say that he was a better hand at clinching nails than arguments, and could make a house sooner than a speech.

"Never mind," said the owner, "never mind that; say the first thing that comes into your head."

"Well, then, your honor, if I must, I must; so here goes: We have been working here for six months past, and have not received one dollar of our pay, and we would just like to know how soon you intend to do the fair thing?"

"Very well done," said Mr. Steele; "you speak very well. I can hear distinctly, but I must confess I don't like the subject!"

A LITTLE GLOSSARY FOR VOLUNTEERS.

(*Dedicated to the Drill Sergeants in general.*)

Stannat tee	Stand at ease.
Techun	Attention.
Fozz	Fours.
Fozz dee	Fours deep.
Fozz ri	Fours right.
Fozz abow	Fours about.
Fozz lay	Fours left.
Shalar hrm	Shoulder arms.
Hordare hrm	Order arms.
Hsoult	Halt.
Zuware	As you were.
Toe	Two.

SHARP.—"Grandma, do you know why I can see up in the sky so far?" asked Charlie, a little four year old, of the venerable lady who sat on the piazza knitting.

"No, my dear; what is it?" replied grandma, bending her eye, eager to catch and remember the wise saying of the precious little pet.

"Because there is nothing in the way." And the young philosopher resumed his astronomical search, and grandma her knitting.

PORTRAIT OF A CERTAIN STUDENT WHO IS READING SO HARD AT THE SEA-SHORE.

THE STOCK MARKET.

The susceptibility of Wall street in these days is very amusing. Weathercocks cannot veer from West to North without creating a sensation among the money changers, and causing a fluctuation of two or three per cent. in the stock market. This peculiarity is happily satirized by the Albany Standard, which publishes a series of telegraphic dispatches, purporting to have been received from New York, as follows:—

NEW YORK, July 23.

10 A. M.—Stocks feverish, a rebel having been seen making towards Winchester with a loaded pistol.

11 A. M.—Stocks lower, a rebel skiff having crossed the James River, throwing brick-bats at one of our gunboats.

12 M.—Great reaction in stocks, a telegram having been just received that Jeff. Davis is down with the cholera morbus.

1 P. M.—It is reported that Davis took paragoric and is now better; stocks depressed; government sixes declined 2 per cent.

2 P. M.—Stocks buoyant, the news of the taking of two blacksmiths' shops and a buggy, by eight members of Banks' Cavalry, having infused fresh confidence into the market.

2:30 P. M.—A rain has just commenced. Stocks lower as operators fear the rain may carry away the James River; 7 30s declined 1¼ per cent. since the shower commenced.

A DOMESTIC FARCE IN ONE SCENE.

"Why is it, my son, that when you drop your bread and butter, it is always on the buttered side?"

"I don't know. It hadn't orter, had it? The strongest side ought to be up, and this is the strongest butter I have ever seen."

"Hush up; it's some of your aunt's churning."

"Did she churn it, the great lazy thing."

"What, your aunt?"

"No, this here butter. To make the poor old woman churn it when it is strong enough to churn itself."

"Hush, Zeb, I've eat a great deal worse in the most aristocratic houses."

"Well, people of rank ought to eat it."

"Why people of rank?"

"'Cause it's rank butter."

"You varmint you! what makes you talk so smart?"

"'Cause the butter has taken the skin off my tongue."

"Zeb, don't lie! I can't throw away the butter.

"I'll tell you what I would do with it—keep it to draw blisters. You ought to see the flies keel over as soon as they touch it."

THE WAY OF THE WORLD.—"J. B. M———, a well-known brewer in a small way, near this city," writes a Philadelphia friend, "never studied book-keeping, and has always kept his accounts with his customers in chalk on the back of his shop-door. A few days since, while out on business, his wife (careful body,) in cleaning up, wiped them all out. He was in great trouble as to what he should do in the dilemma. Says she, 'Can't you remember the most of them? Try if you can't.' He commenced and put down a number of names with the amount to each. 'Do you think,' says she, 'you have charged them enough yet?' 'I don't know about the enough,' says he, 'but I have put down better men by a long shot than I had before.'"

☞ THE MAN HATER.—Dr. Monsey had a great aversion to footmen, and latterly hardly permitted a male to approach his apartment. He was shaved by his maid when he became unable to perform the operation himself, and though a barber dressed his wig, he never was allowed to come further than the door. His objection to male visitors is reported to have gone so far, that he with difficulty admitted his grandsons, though his granddaughters were always received with great politeness.

☞ CAUSES OF AFFLICTION.—Extraordinary afflictions are not always the punishment of extraordinary sins, but sometimes the trial of extraordinary graces.—*Henry.*

☞ An eminent physician has discovered that the nightmare in nine cases out of ten is produced by owing a bill for a newspaper, and that the best cure is to pay up at once.

FOOLISH THOUGHTS.

We are apt to believe in Providence so long as we have our own way; but if things go awry, then we think, if there is a God, He is in Heaven, and not on earth. The cricket in the spring builds his little house in the meadow, and chirps for joy, because all is going so well with him. But when he hears the sound of the plough a few furrows off, and the thunder of the oxen's tread, then the skies begin to look dark, and his heart fails him. The plough comes crunching along, and turns his dwelling bottom side up, and as he is rolling over and over without a home, his heart says, "Oh, the foundations of the world are destroyed, and everything is going to ruin!" But the husbandman, who walks behind his plough, singing and whistling as he goes, does he think the foundations of the world are breaking up? Why, he does not so much as know there was any house or cricket there. He thinks of the harvest that is to follow the track of the plough; and the cricket, too, if he will but wait, will find a thousand blades of grass where there were but one before. We are all like the crickets. If anything happens to overthrow *our* plans, we think all is gone to ruin.—*Beecher.*

A MORNING CALL IN CHINA.—When a mere call is contemplated, the visitor sends a sheet of paper, curiously folded, bearing his name and quality, which is his card. The person whom he visits knows by this card whether he should receive him at the gate, in the hall, or in his own room. Presents generally accompany the card. It is customary to pay visits before dining, in order that the fumes of wine may not disturb the person visited. If the latter does not wish to see his visitor, he does not say he is "not at home," but sends his servant to say that he will not give him the trouble of alighting from his chair. This message is equally polite with our own, and has the advantage of not being a direct contradiction of fact; after this, he sends his card within three days, and the visiting acquaintance, in this charmingly simple and polite manner, is broken off for ever.—*Once a Week.*

WHAT IS A DARLING?—It is the dear, little, beaming girl who meets one on the doorstep; who flings her fair arms around one's neck and kisses one with her whole soul of love; who seizes one's hat, who relieves one of one's coat, and hands the tea and toast so prettily; who places her elfish form at the piano, and warbles forth, unsolicited, such delicious songs; who casts herself at one's footstool, and clasps one's hand, and asks eager, unheard of questions with such bright eyes and flushing face, and on whose light, flossy curls one places one's hand and breathes "God bless her," as the fairy form departs.

☞ Bridget—"Well, Mary, are you going to the new place?"

Mary—"Sure, no! the lady couldn't give a satisfactory reference from her last cook."

☞ SUM FOR THE BOYS.—If a newspaper editor "stops the press to *announce*," what would he do to a pound.

Agricultural.

LOSS OF MANURE---FILTRATIONS.

A correspondent who has read with great attention and interest articles on improvement in farming, asks, "If the soil is well pulverized to the depth of two feet, so that water can pass freely through, and below this there are drains ready to carry off all the water not held by the soil, will not the soluble parts of the manure applied near the surface, and the soluble and the richest portions of the soil, be carried off by these drains and lost to the farmer and the crops?" This is a very natural and sensible inquiry, and shows that the inquirer is one of those thinking men who is not willing to adopt any plan without a full understanding of its effects. On this point, however, there is no danger, for the water running from pipes will be found clear and pure, no matter how much or what may be the nature of the manure applied. Even liquid manure may be given in large quantities, and the water that filters through will be found clear and pure. Soak the soil with the dark brown drainings of the barn-yard, and that which passes through to the drains will be as clear as though just taken from the spring. Any one can test this matter for himself in a small way, so that the question may be settled in his own mind beyond question.

Among a series of experiments instituted by Professor Way and H. S. Thompson, for the purpose of ascertaining the power of soil to retain, unimpaired in value, manures applied in winter, and also its power to hold *in suspension* the fixed ammonia in barn yard tanks and manure heaps, we learn that Mr. Thompson filtered through sandy loam, six inches in depth, ten grains of sulphate of ammonia and ten grains of sesqui-carbonate of ammonia, both dissolved in distilled water—the one representing the ammoniacal matter of the tank fixed by gypsum or sulphuric acid, and the other the free ammoniacal solutions of the decomposed vegetable matter of the barn-yard—and he found that after passing through this thin stratum of soil, only 2.4 grains of the sulphate of ammonia resulted in the one case, and only 1.8 grains in the other. When an *eight inch stratum of the soil was used, the whole of the ammonia was retained.*

Professor Way subjected stinking tank water to filtration through twenty-four inches of a light loam, and the moisture at the foot of the tube was perfectly free from smell, and a mixture of this soil and white sand allowed the percolation of water through it quite clear and free from ammonia. With the drainage of a London sewer, Professor W. found that the ammonia is separated from the rest of the organic matter to the last fraction; the phosphoric acid is separated from its base, and so is the part of the sulphuric acid and all the potash; so that in fact *the soil had selected and retained* those very principles of the sewer water which science has decided to be the most valuable for the purposes of manure.

Professor Mapes in an article on this subject, says:—"It is impossible for manures in a fluid form to filter downward through any fertile soil. Even the brown liquor of the barn-yard will have all its available constituents abstracted by the soil, before it descends into the earth thirty-four inches. If this were not true, our wells would long since have become useless, the earth's surface would have become barren, and the raw materials of which plants are made, which come from the earth's surface and surrounding atmosphere, would have passed towards the earth's centre; but the carbon and alumina of the soil, each of which has the power of absorbing and retaining the necessary food of plants, are agents for carrying into effect the laws of nature for the protection of vegetable growth."

It is only in the most porous soils, containing a good deal of gravel, that the manure will be washed down out of the reach of the roots of plants, and we venture the assertion that in no fertile, and in fact in no soil that the farmer is expected to cultivate, may loss be apprehended from this cause.—*N. E. Farmer.*

CUTTING BACK NEWLY TRANSPLANTED TREES AND VINES.—It not unfrequently happens that a tree, or vine, does not start well after it is set out. It even refuses to start at all, and begins to "die down" from the extremities towards the roots. If let alone, it will probably be entirely dead before the summer is over. Sometimes a tree starts quite feebly, and it seems doubtful if it will muster vitality enough to keep it alive. In these cases, also, if let alone, the chances are that death will be the result. A large majority of such trees can be saved, by simply cutting them back. The writer has saved several such the present season. In some cases, a severe shortening in all of the branches was sufficient, in others it was found necessary to cut the whole tree back nearly to the ground. By so doing, the remaining vitality is allowed to expend its whole force upon a few buds, which push with vigor, and soon sufficient foliage is secured to save the tree. Where a tree starts at first, but afterwards falters, or where it fails to develope foliage and yet the limbs appear to be quite fresh, a severe cutting back will in most cases be successful, even if performed as late as July or August. This is particularly the case with pear trees and grape vines.

A SELF-ACTING TROWEL.—A machine for making drain-pipes of cement underground has been invented by a Mr. Watson, in Ohio, and appears to dispense entirely with hand labor. He fixes a cutter to the ploughshare, which cuts down the required depth in the subsoil, and forms a proper channel for the flow of water. Besides this, the plough carries a hopper filled with hydraulic cement; this cement flows downwards, while the implement is in motion, into a spiral conical trowel, which, moving slowly round, leaves behind a complete tube, requiring but a few hours' drying to become a permanent drain.

THINNING PEARS.—One great error in the management of dwarf pear trees, is allowing the trees, especially young trees, to bear too much fruit. It is absolutely necessary for the health of the trees and to secure good sized fruit, that the young fruit be thinned *thoroughly* at this season. Don't be afraid of thinning too much.—*Genesee Farmer.*

THE CURCULIO.—A friend informed us the other day that having for several years lost all his plums by the curculio, he this year applied the oil of pennyroyal, mixed with sweet oil, to the trees, and the result has been most satisfactory, the plants remaining untouched although the curculio was seen in the garden.

Useful Receipts.

ELDERBERRY WINE.—As the season for making elderberry wine is close at hand, we give the following recipe for making it:—The berries, when ripe, are first picked by the stems, then stripped with the hand, or trimmed close with sheare. Next, they are mashed fine, which can be done by a stick in the form of a pestle. Let them remain until the next day, when the juice is slowly pressed out in a cheese press, or any other convenient way. Next, boil the juice twenty minutes, skim it, and add four pounds white sugar to a gallon; when milk-warm, add a small piece of white bread crust, that has been dipped in yeast. Let it stand three days, remove the crust, and the wine is ready for bottling. Age improves it.

FRUIT WAFERS FOR DESSERT.—Take currants, cherries, apricots, or any other fruit; put them into an earthen jar in a kettle of water, and when scalded strain them through a sieve; to every pint of juice add the same weight of finely sifted sugar and the white of a small egg; beat all together until it becomes quite thick; then put it upon buttered paper in a slow oven; let them remain until they will quit the paper, then turn them, and leave in the oven until quite dry; cut them into shape, and keep them between paper in a box near the fire.

TO DESTROY HOUSE FLIES.—It is perhaps not generally known that black pepper (*not* red) is a poison for many insects. The following simple mixture is said to be the best destroyer of the common house fly extant:—Take equal proportions of fine black pepper fresh ground, and sugar, say enough of each to cover a ten cent piece; moisten and mix well with spoonful of milk (a little cream is better); keep that in your room, and you will keep down the flies. One advantage over other poisons is, that it injures nothing else; and another, that the flies seek the air and never die in the house—the windows being open.

RECEIPTS FOR HARD AND SOFT SOAP.

A correspondent in the Germantown Telegraph offers the following receipt as one to be perfectly relied on:—

Take ten pounds of soda ash and dissolve it in twenty gallons of soft water, with twelve pounds of fresh lime and three-fourths of a pound of rosin, by boiling them all half an hour, stirring the while to keep them from setting or burning; then pour all the contents into a tub to settle, washing your kettle clean. After these contents have settled, take the clear water that comes on the top and put it in the kettle; now hunt up all your fat and skins, till you get about twenty-three pounds—if clear not quite so much—put over the fire to boil till all the fat is eaten up: perhaps it will take two hours, or not nearly so long; then take fine salt to divide, and add salt till the hard soap comes on the top. It will at first look like froth, and the waste will look very dark in the bottom of the kettle. Pour all out in a tub. I forgot to say, fill up your tub with cold water after taking off the first clear lye, ready to boil your soap-froth with the second time; put two good bucketsful of this clear lye in the kettle, then with an iron ladle take all this soap-froth off the top of the tub and put it in with these two buckets of lye-water, to boil again a few minutes, to make your hard soap clear and nice, adding salt till it separates well. Then pour all out in a tub, to remain undisturbed over night. In the morning you will have over thirty pounds of as nice white soap as you will wish, for either washing or toilet use, which will not chap the hands at any time. Again, if you would wish a half barrel of nice white soft soap, fill up this said tub again with cold water till it settles, then take the hard soap that sticks to the kettle and the pitcher that you dip out with, and three or four ladlesful of this lye-water, and let it boil a few minutes, till it looks like soap, then fill up your kettle nearly full of the lye-water, and let it boil a few minutes, then pour it out into a vessel, and you will be much pleased with the result of your labor. This soft soap will be thick and solid, and it is very nice for boiling clothes or washing, as it makes a very nice froth.

In order to have plenty of soap fat, you must begin at the beginning to save all the skins of meat, and all the fat scraps that come from your table, which, in warm weather, should be put in some of this clear lye until you get enough to make some soap. By this course, in an ordinary family, you will always have enough soap without buying.

The Riddler.

ENIGMA FOR GAHMEW.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

I am composed of 91 letters.

My 26, 10, 58, 8, 89, 6, 41, 63, 70, a Queen who gave magnificent proof of her remembrance.

My 85, 57, 7, 66, was an enterprising Queen.

My 1, 50, 61, 71, 44, 72, 80, 16, was the loveliest of England's Queens.

My 31, 14, 87, 77, 23, 2, 78, 4, 60, 50, 20, 39, 53, 90, 85, was the first Queen of England and Ireland.

My 9, 69, 34, 43, 27, 12, 58, 3, 30, 83, was Queen of a hero.

My 28, 17, 48, 22, 65, 46, 79, 10, 33, was a famous Queen.

My 54, 37, 55, 35, 63, 11, was a Queen from Navarre.

My 30, 5, 26, 14, 90, 18, 72, 61, was a Queen who governed better than her husband, the King.

My 56, 45, 36, 62, 19, 7, 33, was a much revered Queen.

My 66, 66, 23, 51, 73, 53, wife of Caligula.

My 86, 8, 24, 68, 47, 70, was a princess of fatal beauty.

My 45, 3, 55, 58, 46, 85, 69, 64, 37, 61, the lady President who instituted the White House levees.

My 76, 80, 7, 66, 49, what Queen Victoria is.

My 21, 6, 60, 18, 78, 74, 57, 11, was a Roman daughter.

My 78, 67, 25, 37, 69, 86, 84, 30, 52, was a daughter of Clytemnestra.

My 42, 2, 4, 40, 6, 53, 82, a pastime of which Queen Elizabeth was very fond.

My 60, 15, 75, is an article she should have had.

My 32, 73, 34, 52, 91, all Queens once were.

My whole are now Generals, who were together at Jefferson Barracks during the winter of 1849 and 1850.

Indianapolis. F.

MISCELLANEOUS ENIGMA.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

I am composed of 29 letters.

My 15, 26, 20, 12, 5, 16, was the scene of a terrible battle.

My 25, 17, 6, 1, 20, 12, 12, 9, 14, is a rebel officer.

My 7, 23, 29, 18, 18, 19, is a Strait in North America.

My 1, 24, 28, 3, 21, 19, is a river in the United States.

My 2, 11, 27, is a small insect.

My 8, 17, 21, is a river in the United States.

My 24, 4, is a pronoun.

My whole is the name of a distinguished Unionist of the South.

Plainfield, Ind. DON CARLOS.

CHARADE.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

'Twas in the pleasant month of June,
When fragrance filled the air,
We took a walk (my friend and I),
And left my first and busy care.

The birds were singing in the grove,
As they hopped 'mid boughs of green,
And far away in the busy street,
My second was plainly seen.

The cattle drank at the running brook,
Or stood beneath the shady trees;
My third stood silent in the field,
Scarce moved by the passing breeze.

The day was warm; the swallow flew
Far away to its silent nest;
We sat beside a shady elm,
My weary fourth to rest.

Soon in the west dark clouds arose;
Hark! hear the thunder roll;
To reach my first before the storm,
We must surely be my whole.

Warren, Vermont. HARP DAVIS.

DOUBLE REBUS.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

A holy woman.
A distinguished woman.
A tree.
A name applied to the common English people.
A state.
The reverse of "forget."
A Scotch term for a church.

The initials form a large city, and the finals the state in which it is situated. S. R. B.

ALGEBRAICAL PROBLEM.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

The sum of four numbers in arithmetical progression is 180, and the cube of the fourth number is equal to the sum of the cubes of the other three. Required—the numbers?

ARTEMAS MARTIN.

Franklin, Venango Co., Pa.

ARITHMETICAL QUERY.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

I have a room 24 feet long by 20 feet broad and 8 feet high, which is to be plastered, together with the ceiling. How many square feet is contained in the whole? and to what will come the plastering thereof, at 6 cents per square yard? No deduction to be made for doors or windows. JUNIOR.

CONUNDRUMS.

☞ When is a fellow's eye like a barrel? Ans.—When it's bunged up.

☞ Why is a sawyer like a lawyer? Ans.—Because whichever way he goes down comes the dust.

☞ What is the word of one syllable, which, if the first two letters are taken from it, becomes a word of two syllables? Ans.—Plague.

☞ What is the difference between a farmer and a shop-lifter? Ans.—One tills the slopes, and the other slopes with the tills.

☞ What is that which makes every person sick but those who swallow it? Ans.—Flattery.

ANSWERS TO RIDDLES IN LAST.

AMERICAN ENIGMA.—The struggle of our forefathers for their independence, decided July fourth, seventeen hundred and seventy-six. RIDDLE.—Kiss. CHARADE.—Blue-bell.